Northern Messenger

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Wm Bronscombe.0.04

In Peril on the Sea.

(J. Macdonald Oxley, in the 'Children's Friend.')

'For those in peril on the sea'—Hugh Bond sang the words over and over again to him self and almost unconsciously, and yet they were particularly appropriate to his present situation.

'What's that you're sayin'?' came in a gruff tone from the stern of the dory. 'If yer want to talk, why don't you speak out!'

'I wasn't sayin' anything to you, Ned,' responded Hughie mildly. 'I was just singin' to myself something I know.'

'What was it? Give us the whole of it,' demanded Ned, rousing himself from the state of semi-stupor he had been in for some hours past.

Hughie felt the color coming into his cheeks, for despite his rugged appearance, he had a vein of shyness in his nature, and he would much rather not have complied with his companion's request, but he knew better than to refuse, Ned Condon being a wilful man, and apt to be heavy of hand when met with opposition.

Accordingly, in a voice that, although utterly untrained, was not unpleasing, he began to sing that splendid hymn which has brought comfort to so many anxious hearts:—

Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

'Where'd you learn that?' growled Condon, upon whom the words and music were making an impression that he resented and resisted.

'At the Mission School,' replied Hughie in a hesitating way, as if the statement might not be pleasing to his questioner.

Condon grunted sardonically, but instead of the jeering oath that Hughie expected, relapsed into the sullen silence from which the boy's singing had aroused him.

The little dory rocked aimlessly upon the leaden-hued seas which stretched away on every side to the utmost limits of vision, and so far as its occupants could tell, they were the only living creatures in the world, save an occasional white gull that swept by them on graceful wing.

Two days had passed since Condon and Hughie set out from the 'Cod-Seeker,' with a full complement of lines and bait, to draw a dory-full of codfish from the opulent waters of the great Banks.

At first they had fared well, and their boat was rapidly filling with fine big fish, when suddenly a storm swept down upon them, and drove the light dory before it for many hours, during which they were in constant danger of being swamped or overturned.

All their catch had to be thrown back into the sea, and only by incessant bailing could they keep their frail craft afloat,

The strain upon nerves and muscles was fearful, and even the shaggy, sinewy Condon felt his strength failing him, while poor Hughie could hardly hold up his head; when at last the violence of the gale abated, and ere the next day dawned only the heaving billows remained to show how furiously it had striven for the lives of the two hapless dory-mates.

But although this one danger had passed, they were still in no slight jeopardy. Tortured by thirst, faint with hunger, and weakened by exposure, unless they soon had the good fortune to be picked up by a passing vessel, they were inevitably doomed to a terrible death.

And now the second night was darkening down upon them without bringing any hope of their succour.

After a long silence, during which Hughie's own thoughts were busy with what he had learned at the little Mission School, Condon, lifting his haggard face, said in a gentle tone curiously unlike him:

'Sing that again, Hughie, the whole of it.'

Right glad now was the boy to comply. He knew every verse of the beautiful hymn, and

this time he sang it fervently, finding comfort for himself in the doing of it.

Condon listened intently, and when Hughie had finished, made him sing it yet once more.

Then he began to ask questions about God, which the poor boy, whose whole knowledge of divine things had been gained in a brief attendance at the Mission School, found it very hard to answer. But the seals of his companion's silence having once been broken, he was not to be gainsaid, and at last Hughie said earnestly.

'Pray to God, Ned, now. He will answer you. He always does.'

'But I can't pray. I don't know how,' replied Condon, with a groan that showed how deeply he was stirred. 'You pray for me.'

'I can't do that,' Hughie responded. 'But,' he said gently, 'Let us pray together.'

And so out in the midst of that wild waste of heaving waters, upon which the strayed dory was so insignificant a speck, with the stars as their only witnesses, this novel little prayer-meeting was held, with a mere lad who knew no more about God than that he thought of him as the leader, and a rough fisherman hitherto utterly indifferent to all matters of religion, for congregation.

Strange and simple as it was, it proved the turning-point in Condon's life.

Soon after daybreak the dory was sighted by a passing vessel, and its occupants rescued from their perilous plight.

On returning to his home Condon made no secret of his resolve to henceforth serve God. He even accompanied Hughie to the Mission School. and became a humbled learner at the feet of the devoted missionary, whose heart was greatly cheered by such a recruit. Not only so, but both by example and influence he sought to lead others into the fold of Christ, and thus became a power for good in the little fishing hamlet on the bleak shores of Newfoundland.

Gum and Missions.

John R. Mott, of the Student Volunteer Movement, is authority for the statement that thirty millions of dollars are spent annually in this country for chewing gum. 'The Christian Guardian,' commenting on this statement, remarks: 'Think of all the jaws that wag in the aimless, senseless, vulgar and unwholesome grind of so many tons of chewing gum! Apart from the vulgarity of the practice, and its serious damage to the salivary glands and the general digestion, is the utter waste of money that might be turned to better personal use, or used for the glory of God.' If all the money now wasted in the world on foolish, not to say injurious, personal habits were expended in philanthropy or for missions, the daily papers would begin to publish prophecies that the millenium was just at hand—so improved would be the material and moral aspect of country and society. —'The Religious Intelligencer.'

Why He Did Not Go.

(Edgar L. Vincent, in the 'Standard.')

It was in the time of the great revival. Many were coming to the Saviour and finding peace. One night I happened to sit near a young man who was evidently much interested. I had noticed his uneasiness, and when the time came for making an open expression of purpose to serve God, I expected to see him rise with the rest. But although visibly affected, he still did not rise. At last I turned to him and said, as well as I could: 'Will you not come to-night? I believe you are ready.'

For a moment he smiled, and thanked me for my interest in him; then said: 'I shall feel different about it some time. To-night the excitement is high. The atmosphere is different outside.'

'But do you not feel that this is the right thing to do?'

'Oh, yes; I suppose so.'

'Then why not do it?'

He made other excuses, but I saw that none of them was really at the bottom of his hesitancy.

'Now I will tell you,' he said, at last. 'You have been kind to me, and I thank you for it. I want you to look at that man up yonder in the choir. He takes an active part here every

night. But I know him, and I know he is not what he professes to be.'

Here it was at last. Held back by another man's insincerity.

'But you must not let his life influence yours. You must stand or fall by yourself,' I said. 'Because he does wrong that is no warrant for your not doing right.'

But it was vain. The meeting soon closed, and I never say this young man again. God bless and keep him, wherever he is.

It seems to me I never before realized the awfulness of not living right as I have since that night. All one may say vanishes in the light of what one does. Life and word must correspond if we would win souls to the light. It is a terrible thing to stand between any soul and the light. Argue as you may, life counts. Men 'seeing our good works,' not our good words, follow Jesus. Should we not then walk very carefully before the Lord?

If I May Help.

(Mrs. Frank A. Breck.)

If I may help some burdened heart
  His heavy load to bear;
If any little song of mine
  May cheer a soul somewhere;
If I may lead some grieving one
  To know that loss is gain,
Or bring some shadowed soul to light,
  I shall not live in vain.

If I may help bewildered ones
  To find life's grandest clue;
If I may steady faltering feet,
  Or help some heart be true;
If I may bring a tender touch
  To some love couch of pain,
Or whisper words of hope and strength,
  I shall not live in vain.

If I may give disheartened ones
  The impetus they need,
Or rescue the oppressed from hands
  Of cruelty and greed;
If I may bring concord and love
  Where strife and hatred reign,
Or be a friend to friendless ones,
  I shall not live in vain.

If I may battle some great wrong,
  Some worldly current stem,
Or give a hand of fellowship
  Where other hearts condemn;
If I grow strong to do and bear,
  Amid life's stress and strain,
And keep a pure heart everywhere,
  I shall not live in vain.

If I may give forth sympathy,
  And keep a heart of youth,
Or help myself and fellow-men
  To grander heights of truth;
However small my part may be,
  To cleanse the world of stain,
If I but do the thing I can,
  I shall not live in vain.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

For the Work in India—Acknowledgment From Miss Dunhill.

Irvine Ave., Westmount, Que.,
Nov. 14, 1904.

The Editor of the 'Northern Messenger':

Dear Fellow-laborer,—India's thanks are again due to you for inserting a letter a few weeks ago. And now, on behalf of your fellow-subjects in that land, will you let me say, I acknowledge with heartfelt gratitude, two dollars from an anonymous friend, M——, of E—— A——., who prefers it to be 'used for widows and orphans of India'?

A recent letter tells of one dollar I had the privilege of remitting, being very useful, two-thirds going to a worker who had no money left, and one-third to clothing for boys of the Orphanage. Constant travelling had made me late in responding to M.'s gift of love.

Yours, with best wishes,
(Miss) H. E. DUNHILL, of India.

Qualified.

An undertaker advertised for a driver for a hearse, and from among the applicants he secured a good looking, strong fellow, with a solemn countenance. 'Before employing you,' said the undertaker, 'I want to know if you have had any experience in this business?' 'Well, I never drove a hearse,' admitted the applicant, 'but I've driven the next thing to it.' What do you mean?' 'Well,' said the applicant, with confidence, 'I drove a brewer's dray for seven years.' He secured the post.—'New Voice.'

Remarkable Answer to Prayer

There were seven of us children in the parental home. We were all converted in early childhood. Charles was a model youth in every respect but one. He was not a Christian. This gave our parents much anxiety, and caused them many tears and prayers. He asked them why they felt so much concerned about him, adding, 'What have I done to give you trouble?' Their answer was: 'Charles, so far as your life is concerned it has always been exemplary, all that parents could desire of a son, but we know that you have never been "born again," hence we know you could not enter heaven if you should die in that state. We don't know what might happen. We know that life is uncertain, and you might be called into eternity without a moment's warning.'

When Charles was about to leave home for college, three hundred miles away, mother said: 'Now, Charles, as we shall probably be separated for years, and perhaps never meet again in this world, I want you to promise me before you go that you will seek the Lord and become a Christian.' With deep emotion the promise was solemnly made. A year passed and no ray of hope came to assure his dear parents that the promise had been fulfilled. Anxiety had become so intense that father and mother resolved to spend a whole day in fasting and prayer for Charles' conversion.

Two persons of great faith and power in prayer were invited to join with them, and a day was set apart for that purpose. They all spent the entire day in fasting and prayer. About the setting of the sun the burden was lifted; the agonizing prayer had turned to joy and praise. The answer came. It came two weeks ahead of the old slow stage-coach. It came from the mercy seat by wireless telephone. In process of time a letter came from Charles, saying: 'Dear father and mother, your prayers are answered at last. Your stubborn son is born again. On such a day (giving the date) I felt as I never did before—that I was a great sinner, and that I needed a Saviour. Being alone in my own room, I spent the entire day in prayer. About sundown I went out into the grove and there on my knees I gave my heart to God through Christ, and I was truly converted. I am now saved.'

Comparing the hour of conversion with the time of the answer in the parental home, they were found to coincide precisely.

Charles was my own dear brother, C. W. Royal, late of Mount Tabor, Portland, Ore. With a peaceful smile he assured me in his last illness that all was well with his soul. —The Rev. T. F. Royal, in 'Pacific Christian Advocate.'

Boys and Girls,

Show your teacher, your superintendent or your pastor, the following 'World Wide' list of contents.

Ask him if he thinks your parents would enjoy such a paper.

If he says yes then ask your father or mother if they would like to fill up the blank Coupon at the bottom of this column, and we will send 'World Wide' on trial, free of charge, for one month.

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The following are the contents of the issue of Nov. 19, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The Plea for Peace—The New York 'Times.'
Roosevelt, Folk and Dougins—Three Men with Great Opportunities—The New York 'World.'
Morley for Free Trade—His Advice to Americans—The New York 'Evening Post.'
'Emperor of America'—Goldwin Smith Discusses Possibilities of an Expansion Policy—The 'Sun,' New York.'
Investors and Investments—The 'Outlook,' London.
Institute of Bankers—Trade and Fiscal Question and Growth of Municipal Debts—The 'Standard,' London.
John Burns to John Workman—The 'Daily News,' London.
The Dogger Bank—The 'Spectator,' London.
The Armenian Blue-Book—By H. N. Brailsford, in the 'Speaker,' London.
Church Congress at Liverpool—G. K. Chesterton, on Aggressive Infidelity—The 'Church Times.'
Hunting in the Saskatchewan—The New York 'Evening Post.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Is Art a Hobby?—By L. March Phillipps, in the 'Speaker,' London.
A Musician's Memories—'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY

Indian Summer—Poem, by John G. Whittier.
The Closing Scene—Poem, by Thomas Buchanan Read.
The Lovability of Miss Edgeworth—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
Moncure Conway's Memories—A Remarkably Interesting Autobiographical Work—Rev. John White Chadwick, in the New York 'Times Saturday Review.'
Emerson and Froude—Moncure Conway's Autobiography—The New York 'Evening Post.'
The Poetry of Swinburne and Scott—The New York 'Tribune.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

A Great Eton Trio—'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
The Parent and the Teacher—A Plea for Closer Co-operation of School and Home—By Principal Alfred E. Stearns, of Phillip's Academy, Andover, in the 'Congregationalist and Christian World,' Boston.
Curiosity a Disappearing Trait—The Chicago 'Journal.'
About the Chinese Calendar—How Its Errors were Rectified by a Jesuit Astronomer—The 'Living Church.'
Steel Ties or Preserved Wood—The 'World,' New York.
Filling a Sink Hole—The 'Street Railway Journal.'
Science Notes.

THINGS NEW AND OLD

Our Tricksy Tongues—By J. Macdonald Oxley, in the 'Tribune Magazine.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

In a Girl's Boarding-School.

Kate Stilwell and Phoebe Williams were chums at a girls' boarding-school. Yate, though the daughter of wealthy parents, had for some apparently small economies been dubbed 'the stingiest girl in school.' The climax and revelation of her alleged stinginess came at a gathering of the girls to make arrangements for a reception to be given in honor of a distinguished guest. A week before the reception two of the girls, who roomed together, invited the reception committee, of which both Kate and Phoebe were members, to their room to talk things over and have a spread—what they called a spread. The outcome is thus related by an eye-witness:

'We had cake and olives and oranges, and we made fudge. They borrowed tables and chairs, and every girl had a plate, and, just for fun, they had a "favor" for every girl. They were paragraphs and verses that they had cut out of old newspapers and books, and we read them out loud in turn. They were hits, mostly. Ruth Morril is a chatterbox, and hers was a verse about a gentle, quiet child that never talked any. She did not care, nor any of us. We laughed and had a great time—till it got around to Kate Stilwell.

'Well, Kate read hers right out, like the rest of us. She looked at Sarah and Louise a minute, and her cheeks got a little redder, and then she read it; and this was her verse:

'"Oh, yes, I am kinder savin' and clus;
Wall, yes, I know I be;
I'm tight as the bark of a tree;
But I tell ye I'd suffer consider'ble wuss
To spend my good money," said he.

'One or two girls laughed, but I think we felt scared a little. I did, I know, and I tried to think of something to say to smooth it over, if I could. But I didn't have time to say anything. Somebody jumped up all at once and I looked around and saw Phoebe Williams standing up. She didn't look warm like Kate; she looked pale and we all knew something was going to happen, and it was as still as could be.

'"I'm going to speak out," she said; "I can't bear it any longer. You girls have thrown out hints like this before; hints about Kate Stilwell being stingy, and I have stood it as long as I can. No, don't stop me, Kate—I must and I will!" said she.

'She made me think of Spartacus to the gladiators or Horatius at the bridge, or somebody, the way she looked standing there. "I want to ask you something," she said, "just one thing. If Kate Stilwell is stingy, do you know why she's stingy?" Well, I'm going to tell you why.

'"We's always been friends at home," she said, "though I am poor and she is rich; and so Kate has known all about me. She knew I wanted to be a teacher, a governess, if I could, and if I could go to a private school I could get a good deal better position as a governess. And she was coming here and she brought me with her. Yes, she just made me come. She said the allowance her father gave her was plenty enough to pay for two girls, instead of one, if we were a little economical. She wanted to do it, and she would do it; she just brought me along.

'"Her family and mine know all about it, of course, but she didn't tell anybody else, and she wouldn't let me. And she made me promise not to tell anybody about it here, either. She said it wasn't anybody's business, but I knew what she thought. She didn't want any of you girls to know she was doing it, because she never wants to take any credit for anything, and she thought besides that I should take a better position here if nobody knew but that I had money of my own.

'"I wanted to see if Miss Chase could not give me work part of the time—housework or anything; I didn't care what, so long as I could earn part of my expenses and save Kate that much. Kate wouldn't have it. She said I would have studying enough to do without doing anything else; and said she wanted to see me get through with honors, and that she was doing it, and was going to do it all, and do it her own way.

'"Now, how do you think I felt," said Phoebe Williams, "when you called Kate Stilwell stingy? If she has been saving, she has had to be, and now you know why. I don't believe she cared for what you thought, for she's above it—but I cared. Kate Stilwell is the best girl in this school and the noblest and dearest—and I've broken my promise to her not to tell, and I don't care, I will tell—and, oh, girls!" And then Phoebe Williams sat down and dropped her head into her hands and burst out crying.'

Laura Holcomb's own eyes were rather wet; so, indeed, were the eyes of her sympathizing listeners.

'Well, we couldn't do anything just that minute, because when we looked around for Kate Stilwell she was gone; she'd escaped. But afterward you can just imagine! We didn't apologize to Kate in so many words, for when Sara and Louise tried to tell her how sorry they were about that mean verse she wouldn't let them; she said if she'd really been as stingy as they thought she was that she wouldn't have blamed them. But there are lots of ways for girls to show it, you know, when they like a girl and admire her and want her to know it. I don't believe there was a girl in that school that didn't do something to let Kate Stilwell know how fine she thought she was. Ruth Morrill could not hold in; she went and bought her a silver belt set with blue stones and she invited her to go to the Thousand Islands this summer with her and her people, and I suppose they're there now. Ruth never does things by halves.

'We liked Phoebe Williams after that. We let her manage the decorations for the general's reception and she did well. I don't know whether Miss Chase knew about Kate and Phoebe or not, but I rather think that somebody told her about it, for she appointed Kate to make the speech of welcome to the general at the reception. She wore her white swansdown, but she looked handsome just the same. Sara and Louise—I suppose they felt guilty a little still, for they gave her a great bunch of roses and she wore them. The general talked to her more than to anybody, and she played some pretty things from Chopin during the evening and, altogether, Ruth Morrill said she didn't know whether it was the general's reception or Kate Stilwell's.

'Sometimes, after that, instead of calling her Kate Stilwell, the girls called her "the stringiest girl," but we all knew what it really meant. It meant the best girl and the biggest-hearted girl.'—Exchange.

Prizes Easily Earned.

The result of the fifth week's competition in the gold competition is announced in this issue. It would appear that the boys and girls do not realize what an opportunity is open to them to secure $100.00 in gold or at least one of the weekly prizes of either $10.00 or $5.00, which are offered up to Dec. 24

Calling Names.

(Clara Ansorge, in the 'Crusader's Monthly.)

When I was a small girl we lived in a narrow court in a great city near Boston. Just across the court there was a mother who believed that boys as well as girls should make themselves useful, and she taught Richard to wash the dishes.

Looking at it now, it was entirely right and proper, as his older sister was lame and not able to help about the housework, but to the other children in the court it was very amusing. I am sorry to say that we were so ill-mannered as to nickname him Bridget.

The fact that I kept it from my mother is proof that I knew it was wrong, but my brother Carl, three years old, had no scruples in the matter, and mother heard his clear voice calling, 'Hello, Bridget.'

She called him to her and said sadly: 'Why, Carl, what made you call Richard "Bridget?"'

He looked at her with his honest brown eyes and answered: 'Clara said it.'

Alas for me! Mother asked me why I had called him such a name, and though I explained that Richard washed dishes for his mother she failed to see that I had any reason for my being so impolite.

'After supper you will please go over and beg Richard's pardon; will you go alone, or shall I go with you?'

I argued, and cried, but all to no purpose. I had done wrong, and I must apologize. I chose to have mother go with me, and I remember to this day the kind of dress she wore,—thin black goods with a sprig of blue in it.

I can now recall nothing that was said, but I do remember that I learned a lesson that day. I never called any more names, and if I hurt another's feelings, I knew the only right course was to go at once and say that I was sorry.

Storm Cloud's Lesson.

'I'm fairly discouraged with Storm Cloud,' said Ned, coming into the cheerful and tidy farm-house kitchen. Helping himself to a cruller that his mother had just lifted from the kettle, and sitting down upon an arm of the staunch, split-bottomed, oaken, family armchair, he rocked back and forth, balancing himself with one foot, as he added impatiently, with his mouth full: 'I have a good mind to thrash him!'

Mrs. Dickinson was turning her cakes deftly with a long-handled skimmer, but her blue eyes twinkled with a little quiver of amusement as she said gravely:

'What has poor Storm Cloud done now?'

'Done now?' repeated the young man, reaching for another of the crisp cakes. 'What does he always do when he can slip his halter but roll in the duck pond? He certainly must be the most aggravating horse that ever lived. I have dressed him off twice this morning, and fastened him so that I thought it was impossible for him to get away; and each time he has slipped his halter—it would take a wizard or a witch to tell how he managed it—and started out to enjoy himself. Yesterday I groomed him three times, and each time before I could get him harnessed he slipped me and rolled in the duck pond, next in the barnyard, and finally in a mud puddle in the road. He is as artful as a weazel.'

'The old darling enjoys being groomed,' said pretty Ruth, who was making cottage cheese, and just then presented her brother with a

a ball as white and as fresh as newly-fallen snow.

'He hates to work,' mumbled Ned, finishing his lunch, 'and I believe the secret is that he wants to put it off as long as possible.'

'A whipping wouldn't do him no sorter good,' said Uncle Nate, coming in with a basket of wood; 'the only way to cure him is to 'sprise him somehow. I wouldn't take sech a light-colored hoss as er gift!'

'I do not advocate whipping him, either,' said Mrs. Dickinson. 'I regret his bad tricks, but he's kind and true; he's very intelligent, and he has a great many very delightful traits of character. It is my opinion that he rolls in the dirt out of pure mischief.'

'He does not lack for advocates,' laughed Ned, 'but I am convinced that it is my duty to correct the error of his ways out of regard for my own peace of mind; his intelligence and his other delightful traits have prompted him to play a great many tricks on me. Now I propose to play a trick on him. Do you want to drive with me to town, sis?'

Returning to the barn, Ned found the beautiful light gray horse reeking with mud. Seeming to take no notice, he brought out the oldest and shabbiest of the farm harnesses, he put it on Storm Cloud, and proceeded to hitch him to the dainty surrey.

When the handsome creature was well groomed and adorned with the best gold-mounted harness, Storm Cloud liked pleasuring as well as any schoolboy or girl; he would eat as much cake or candy at a picnic as anyone would give him, and allow himself to be garlanded from nose to tail. But he disliked farm work as cordially as any growing lad; he always drew a long breath like a protracted sigh when the work collar was put over his slim head, and he would roll his great questioning eyes about at the hay waggon, the sand cart, or the cultivator, as much as to say: 'I wonder what form my humiliation is to take this time?'

He looked at the carriage now, turned his long neck and surveyed himself, shook his hide like an elephant, and rebelled against backing between the shafts; but there was no help for it; he was to go to town in an outfit of his own choosing.

His mistress came out, looked him over, called him a bad, dirty fellow, in a chiding voice, and refused to give the cruller she had brought. Ruth followed in her white gown, told him she was ashamed of him, and, without a caress, mounted the carriage beside her brother, and they drove away.

Instead of pricking up his ears and speeding along the pleasant country road as daintily as if he were stepping upon eggs, the mortified horse was reluctant to go at all, but trotted along dejectedly, looking wistfully down every by-way; and at the mill valley watering-trough, with College Hill looming up in front of him, he expressed very forcibly his intention to turn round and go home. But curb and bit restrained him, and he was compelled to continue along the lively village street to the post-office and library. There Ned called together a little circle of friends—Storm Cloud's friends, too—and as they stood about told them the story, whereupon they walked round the poor fellow, laughing at him and ridiculing him, until he looked ready to sink under his load of shame.

When at length they started for home, he went as if his feet were winged, and when unharnessed he stood patiently to be groomed without attempting any tricks whatever.

Strange, and improbable as it may seem, this is a true story. Storm Cloud was entirely broken of his dirty freak of rolling in the mud, and, indeed, of slipping his halter as well; and Uncle Nate chuckles as he tells how 'Young Ned found the way to make his hoss sense crop out, didn't he now?'—'The Churchman.'

What we Know of the Sun.

A wonderful, and, in some respects, mysterious object is the sun—a typical star, the nearest one, and not so far away as to prevent us from studying it in detail—and yet presenting conditions so different from those we can obtain in our laboratories that to a considerable extent it defies our reasonings and renders our conclusions merely conjectural. Certain facts, however, have been established beyond any possible doubt, and must necessarily form the foundation of all reasonable theories and opinions.

We know, for instance, that its mean distance from the earth is very closely 93,000,000 miles; that its diameter is about 866,500 miles, or 109½ times that of the earth, and its bulk about 1,300,000 as great. We know also that its mass is about 330,000 that of the earth, and that consequently gravity upon its surface is about 27½ times as powerful as here; a man who here weighs 150 pounds would weigh more than two tons upon the sun, and there a squirrel would not be able to jump any more friskily than an elephant here.

Experiments with burning glasses make it certain that the effective temperature of the sun's surface, taken as a whole (doubtless the actual temperature varies widely at different points), is much above any which we can produce by artificial means; not even the electric furnace can rival it. Carried to the sun and kept there for a few hours only, the earth would melt and pass into vapor. The estimated temperature is about 12,000 degrees F., but this cannot be regarded as exact.—'Harper's Weekly.'

Wallie.

(Delia White Samuel, in the 'Congregationalist and Christian World.')

It was during the last terrible Indian famine, and little, naked, starving children were swarming by the dozens about the mission school, begging to be taken in. But the school was full, running over, and even those in it had nothing to eat every day but a very little rice. Still, they were not starving, and at night when the doors were shut the dreadful starving dogs were on the outside.

But, O, outside with the dogs was poor little Wallie. Only four years old, no father or mother, no sister or brother. The pitiful little brown skeleton, naked both in the heat of the day and the cold of the night, would peep in through the door every night, the deep, black wonderful eyes so wistful, but as cheery as a cricket, and ask,

'Any one to stand for Wallie?'

That meant that the news had gone among the orphans that over beyond the western ocean were kind men and women who sometimes wrote to the mission teacher to say, 'Here are $15 more, take in another little orphan and feed him.'

But these letters had not been coming so often as they used to—just a few weeks ago. Every night Wallie ran up at gate closing with the same cheery query, and every night the teacher would say, so sadly, 'No, dear,' and again Wallie would slip off into the darkness.

At last, one night the teacher said, 'I cannot stand it; if Wallie comes to-morrow night I shall have to take her in.'

'But, we cannot, dear,' the other teacher would say, 'you know we have not enough rice for those we have.'

And night after night would come and go, and every night was heard the same wistful pleading, 'Any one to stand for Wallie yet.' The tone was so cheery at times and O, so wistful. And the little ribs stood out higher under the brown skin, while the little arms and legs were like 'reeling sticks,' and the big eyes in the skull-like face shone like stars.

'I do not care,' exclaimed the teacher at last, 'if that child comes to-morrow night I shall take her in; I simply must. I know the Lord will feed her if I do and the dogs will get her if I dont—I can't stand it, I must.'

For the dogs did get them, you know. The dogs were starving just as the children were, and many a little one was found asleep by the roadside with their toes or fingers completely gnawed off.

'Yes, dear, come in, Jesus is going to stand for you himself.' The teacher's light had burned longer than usual the night before.

So in Wallie danced, to the bathroom, and the dirty little rack of bones was washed and the matted hair was combed, and Wallie slept that night just as if she had not slept for months.

In the morning what lots and lots of children there were in that mission compound—every one was clean and tidy and as they sat in rows, each one's mug was full of delicious rice—every one but Wallie's.

'Children,' said the teacher, 'Jesus is going to send some one to stand for Wallie soon, but he has not come yet. And she has no rice in her mug yet. Till he comes you each give her a little of yours? You have only a little, I know, but could you each spare her just a pinch?'

So up one line and down another Wallie's mug went, and when it came back to her it was brimming over.

Now at that very time, away over in Canada, an Ottawa lady with a little bow of white ribbon on her breast was holding meetings telling big crowds of people how Jesus loved them, and begging them to love him.

One evening a great many men and women had stood up to let everybody see that they too loved Jesus, and at night after the lady went home, her host said:

'Well, those hard men have been reached, but you have not touched Nellie yet.' Nellie was the maid of all work.

'Don't be too sure,' said the lady, 'you cannot always tell, you know.'

'I can in this case, that girl is as hard as a stone.'

Late that night, the lady was roused by a faint tap on her door. She slipped out of bed and quietly opened the door. There stood Nellie in her dressing gown.

'I knew at once by her face that it was all right with her,' said Mrs. ——, 'her face was all alight.'

'Can you tell me something to do for Jesus?' she asked. 'I love him so I must do something for him.'

'What would you like to do, dear—think?'

'Well, I've got ten dollars here, I intended it for a new coat, but now I want to use it for him. If I put five dollars to it would that feed a little orphan in India for a while.'

'It would, dear, it would feed and care for one for a whole year!'

'Then take it and send it for me, will you?'

'And do you know,' said the evangelist, 'just on that very day the mission teacher had taken little Wallie in from the dark and the dogs, and prayed the Lord to send someone to 'stand for her.'

A Kangaroo's Instinct.

A gentleman living in the wilds of Australia beguiled the lonely life there by taming various animals. His pets almost filled the place of the missing family.

A kangaroo was a great favorite. But he did not care to keep its twin babies, so when he thought they were old enough to be safely taken from the mother he gave one to a friend 'in the bush,' who lived about eight miles south of his place, and other to a gentleman living twenty miles north.

The mother kangaroo mourned for days hopelessly, then one morning she was missing. A few days later she was found in the morning ensconced in her old haunt, contentedly crooning over the babe supposed to be south. She was kept more confined after this, but one night she managed to escape again, and in a few days returned with the other. No effort afterward was made to kidnap her babes, and she cared for them fondly till at last they died. They had never been strong nor taken kindly to their life of captivity, a fact common to most wild animals. An old animal may do well, but their young very rarely do.

How did she trace out these widely separated young kangaroos?—Keziah Shelton.

'I Just Keep Still.'

'How is it, Rob,' asked one boy of another, 'that you never get into scrapes, like the rest of us?'

'Because I don't talk back,' answered Robbie, promptly. 'When a boy says a hard thing to me I just keep still.'

Many a man whose life has had in it a good deal of trouble and opposition would have saved much if he had learned in his childhood the lesson which this little fellow had mastered, that of 'keeping still.' If the hard word hurts, it will not make it easier to make an angry reply. If you do not answere at all, it stops right there; if you tongue cannot be restrained, nobody knows what the result may be. It doesn't so much matter what your playmate says so long as you keep your temper and hold your tongue; it is what you reply to him, nine cases out of ten, that makes the quarrel. Let him say his say and be done with it; then you will find the whole annoyance done with much more readily than if you had 'freed your mind' in return.

'Just keeping still' is one of the things that saves time, trouble and wretchedness in this world. The strong character can be quiet under abuse or misrepresentation and the storm passed by all the sooner. Patience sometimes serves a man better than courage. You will find again and again that the way to 'keep out of scraps' is to keep still.—'The Canadian Churchman.'

Conquering Love.

(Edith Eugenia Smith, in 'Christian Work.')

To be the possessor of a physical defect and a sensitive spirit is a double misfortunte. Little Pierre Renault had both, consequently life was a burden to him.

He would often curl up in the great armchair in his father's studio and cry quietly to himself—that is, if no one was around. It was a relief to feel the big tears trickling down his cheeks.

He was ten years old, too large to make such a baby of himself, you may think; but perhaps you have not a twisted back.

His nurse had let Pierre fall when he was little, thus injuring his spine. The doctors had straightened it as much as possible, but the boy would never be as other boys, tall and erect. It hurt him to see people looking at him. He fancied there was pity in their gaze. He could not bear to be pitied; the very thought made his cheeks burn and angry words come to his lips. He was passionate, and self-willed, and at times exhibited the most violent temper.

His mother often looked at her boy with an ache at her heart.

She did wish him to grow up a good, true man. When he was old enough to go to the school, she tried to persuade his father to let him have a tutor at home, knowing what an ordeal school life would be for the child. But Mr. Renault said 'No.' He must learn to go out in the world and take it as he found it. So he went to school and had a hard time. Always looking for slights, he generally found them, his sensitiveness magnifying every trifle.

There was one person with whom Pierre never got angry. This was his little sister, Jeanne Marie. She was a wee maiden with eyes of heaven's own blue and a sweet, sunny face. This same face looked out from many of Mr. Renault's canvases, for she liked to be his little model and was a patient sitter. The studio, with its pictures, its beautiful tapestries and queer curios, had a great charm for her, and she spent many hours watching her father wield his brushes.

Jeanne Marie loved Pierre dearly and they were inseparable. All her joys she shared with this elder brother. A touch of her little hand and the tones of her soft, cooing voice often had the effect of quieting him when he was in one of his 'tantrums,' as his nurse called them.

At times Pierre forgot his back, forgot his grievances, only remembered that he had one of the dearest, sweetest little sisters in the world, and was happy. Then he would tell her wonderful fairy stories which were her delight, or sing to her little crooning ballads in his clear, sweet soprano.

Pierre's voice was his compensation. However, he would not sing for outsiders.

'Not even to give others pleasure, Pierre?' asked mamma.

'No,' he protested. 'You cannot know how I feel. There is something inside of me which won't let me. I will not stand up before people and have them look at me. They would say—"Isn't it a pity about his back?'

'It does not matter, dear, about our outward selves. Only be brave and loving and true. That is what matters.'

But Pierre only shook his curly head.

The choirmaster at St. James' coveted Pierre. He had heard him sing but once, quite by accident, but the memory of those beautiful tones haunted him.

'Just think, madame,' he said to Pierre's mother, 'what a training for the boy if he would join us! If all goes well, I predict that there will be a little fortune in that throat of his.'

The choirmaster had to be content without Pierre.

One day Jeanne Marie complained of feeling ill. Her head ached, she said, and the little hands were hot and feverish. Before night she was sobbing with pain, and the doctor pronounced it pneumonia.

Pierre wandered through the house, bereft and desolate. He was not allowed in the sick room, and went to school the next morning with a heavy heart.

For several days he lived in a sort of terror, often crouching before Jeanne Marie's door, listening to her moans. Sometimes, when a spasm of pain seized her, shrieks would send Pierre flying to the studio at the top of the house with his hands over his ears to shut out the horror of it.

He would frequently waylay nurse on her errands to and from the sick room. Always he would ask the same question, 'Do you think she will die?'

And nurse, looking at the anxious little face, would say pityingly, 'God knows, dearie,' and would hurry off, wiping away her tears with her apron.

Pierre spent many solemn moments. To live without Jeanne Marie! How could he? He often knelt down and sent up a childish petition to God, asking him to spare the sister he loved so much. 'I will try always to be good,' he added earnestly. Perhaps God was going to take Jeanne Marie because he, Pierre, had been so naughty. His heart sank at the thought.

One afternoon, as he stood at the window in the library, watching the big snowflakes swirling through the air, and feeling very desolate, his father came in the room and put a hand on his shoulder. As Pierre turned and looked at the worn face and sad eyes, he seemed suddenly to grow cold.

'Come, Pierre,' he said. 'Jeanne Marie wishes you. She is quiet now. She has asked for you so many times. Oh, my boy, we must all be brave!'

Pierre followed his father down the long corridor and into the room where Jeanne Marie lay. As he caught sight of the figure in the white canopied bed he gave a start of dismay. That Jeanne Marie! The tears came into his eyes and his throat swelled.

The little girl opened her eyes and put out her hand. The feeble gesture told Pierre more than words what she had suffered.

'Dear Pierre,' she whispered, 'sing to me.'

He knelt down by her and clasped her tiny, birdlike hands in his. He wanted to cry out, to pray. But he remembered his father's words to him: 'We must all be brave.'

So, controlling himself, he sang little airs that she loved, one after the other. The father and mother, listening to the sweet, trembling voice, felt as if the Angel of Death, hovering so near, must be arrested for a while before ushering this loved one to a better, brighter world.

Finally the boy's clear tones faltered. He could sing no more. But his mission was accomplished, Jeanne Marie slept.

It was early spring before the little invalid was allowed to leave her room. She had crept back to life, a mere shadow of her former self, and when the violets peeped out and all earth was heralding the coming of spring, she was brought downstairs.

Pierre, in his joy had made the room a bower of beauty with the flowers he had bought.

Jeanne Marie clapped her hands when she saw them. 'How lovely!' she sighed. 'Somehow it reminds me of church, the beautiful flowers on the altar, and the choir-boys singing. I remember when you sang to me, Pierre, I thought it was an angel. I'd love to see you sing in church with the other boys. It would be grand.'

Pierre hung his head. Now that he had Jeanne Marie back again he could not do enough for her. But she must not ask anything so difficult. To march up a church aisle with hundreds of eyes upon him, he couldn't do that now. Only the day before, one of the boys had tauntingly nicknamed him as 'Crooked Pierre.' A mighty battle had taken place. Pierre's nose was still swollen and he could not see very well out of his left eye. But as time went on it was noticed that his 'tantrums' were less frequent than usual, although there were days when everything seemed to go wrong and Pierre wished he had never been born.

Jeanne Marie's seventh birthday came on a Sunday. The many loving gifts which had been prepared for her kept her in a state of constant excitement and she was a very happy little girl. She was quite well now, and as she skipped along to church holding her father's and mother's hand, many turned to look at the picturesque little maiden with the rosy cheeks and shining eyes.

Once inside the church she became quiet and reverent. The chimes ceased to ring, and the organ prelude rose softly on the flower-perfumed air. Presently in the distance came the sound of voices, the doors near the choir were thrown open, and the white-robed choristers filed slowly in, singing a processional hymn.

Suddenly Jeanne Marie tightened her clasp on her mother's hand. Was that Pierre? As soon as the mist cleared before his eyes she saw him quite distinctly. This was the 'birthday surprise' he had told her of. Dear Pierre! She knew what it must cost him to bring himself to walk, a little, deformed figure, among all those straight, handsome lads.

Another surprise was in store for her. During the offertory Pierre stood up quite alone and sang that beautiful, never-to-be-forgotten solo:

Angels ever bright and fair,
Take, O take me to thy care!

The choirmaster, listening, congratulated himself upon his 'golden-throated' find. He wondered what had induced the boy to come, after all. He could not know that Love, the great transformer, and Gratitude, Love's cousin, had worked the miracle.

There was a great jubilee at Pierre's home that day. Jeanne Marie's ecstasy, his mother's warm kiss, his father's quiet. 'My son, I am proud of you,' were ample reward to the boy's sensitive spirit.

Pierre Renault is a famous tenor. Among his many treasures, some of them gifts from celebrities at home and abroad, there is one which stands supreme in his heart.

It is the painting of a little choir-boy in surplice and cassock, with uplifted face and the sweetness of a great love in his eyes. The work is that of the well-known artist, Madame Lemaire. But to the loved ones at home she is known as Jeanne Marie.

A Great African Railway.

The 'Cape to Cairo' railway, of which Cecil Rhodes dreamed, is fast passing from vision to fact. The Rhodesian Railway Company, Limited, is now in operation from Cape Town to Victoria Falls, on the Zambesi River, 1,644 miles. It is a five days' journey in trains with all modern equipments, first-class sleeping and dining cars, smoking and writing rooms, over a steel track and steel bridges, for the distance $90.

The company has issued a folder that is described as being as handsome as anything of the kind ever printed, having forty half tone and six colored pictures and two maps, presenting glimpses of scenery, views of towns, fine bridges, elegant stations and hotels, and and 'also a grain field where white men are harvesting with a self-binding reaper—all in Matabeleland and Mashonaland, of which Selous, Kerr and many others were writing sixteen years ago that Europeans could enter all these countries only at the peril of their lives.'

On the way to the falls the road passes right through the Wankie coal field, an enormous deposit which English experts say will yield 1,000 tons a day for the next hundred years of coal of the finest quality.

The Victoria Falls, discovered by Livingstone in 1855, are a magnificent cataract. The river here, nearly a mile wide, suddenly leaps into a chasm 400 feet deep and only 100 to 300 wide, running transversely across the river bed. A dense cloud of vapor rises above the falls, and the roar of the falling water is heard for many miles. The whole of the falls cannot be seen from any one point of view, but the scene is one of overpowering beauty and grandeur. The British Association for the Advancement of Science will meet at Victoria Falls next year, and the day is near when travellers from all over the world will visit Victoria as they do now Niagara.—'The Presbyterian Banner.'

Presents Shut-ins Like Best.

A woman who spends much of her time visiting hospitals and shut-ins was telling the other day some of her experiences with children who have come to look upon her as a kind of petticoated Providence and Christmas angel combined.

'The way they talk of Christmas for weeks before it arrives and for months after it has passed is pathetic,' she said. 'And the requests that they make, the Christmas presents they ask for! One almost has to know of these things personally to believe them true. There was a little lame Carlie, for instance; Carlie, who seldom goes anywhere, who can remember no outing or incident so full of thrilling interest as his grandfather's funeral. The grandfather had lived in the country, and during the day's visit there Carlie saw more than he could ever forget—or remember. A little later he surprised us all by begging for—what do you suppose?

'"I want a cow for a Kismas present," he said. I sent him a toy one.

'Many times, though, the children ask for things that are impossible to supply them—for a variety of reasons. Every girl wants a doll, you know, and almost every girl that all the visited children know or know of. And, although we buy all the dolls we can, and gratefully accept any that are given us, we have never yet had enough to "go round." I'd like to buy out an entire doll factory every Christmas, and even then I don't believe we'd have too many. Like visiting nurses, "friendly visitors" can use any and everything sent to us, with the exception of "leaky hot water bags and old false teeth"—and it's so hard to be unable to give the thing asked for when only lack of money denies its enjoyment. When the article desired isn't within the bounds of possibility—well, then, of course, we have to do the best we can.

'Annie has been on my list for six years, for one case, and she loves me dearly. Quite helpless; she is stout and growing stouter. Her invariable Christmas request is for "a belt as small as yours"—and you see how thin I am. This year I'm going to get her some kind of a belt that will look small anyway. Like the "old white kid gloves" and discarded finery we are often asked for, I suppose the belt will carry its own message, even if it is not conspicuously useful. It is the same way with the Christmas flowers so ardently desired by many sick children. Flowers are dear at this season, and most people associate the idea of more substantial good cheer with their Christmas giving, so we seldom receive flowers. And yet—I know of such a dear, brave, sweet little shut-in who would rather receive a bright flower on Christmas Day than anything else you could bring or send.

'And we receive such pathetic requests sometimes. The boys who can scarcely move a muscle will ask for skates, bless them! I suppose they enjoy the idea of swift motion. We never acceded to those requests until this year. But a pair of skates was taken the other day to small and heroic sufferer who wanted them "to hang on the wall and play skatin' with."

'The girlish invalids with scanty hair, after the same manner, long for bright hair ribbons, which are always good to give because they teach their own lesson of neatness. Handkerchiefs, collars and similar dainty trifles all the girls desire, and we always hope for a great many, with handkerchifs, neckties and neat blouses for the boy cripples. Even the request for a "silk dress with a long train" expresses a desirable impulse when coming from the helpless child-woman who vainly longs after beauty; a touch of soft color does much good to such strugglers.

'The saddest—and sometimes funniest—times we visitors experiece come when two or three members of the same family happen to desire the single article intended for the sufferer or shut-in. I took a crippled boy a knife once, and the boy's father, to whom I showed it, thought that I meant it for him. He thanked me effusively, in broken English, while the boy looked broken hearted. I had tried for months to get on good terms with the father, and I didn't want to provoke him, but still—that boy's disappointment! In the end, of course, I rushed out to buy another knife.

'The most amusing—and distressing—requests that come to us are born of the not unnatural but sadly mistaken belief that all kinds of persons—like myself—ahem!—are wealthy. The children and invalids we visit always believe that we can work miracles, and, although we transform ourselves into shameless and ardent beggars every Christmas season, to say nothing of "picking up" little things throughout the year and curtailing other avenues of Christmas expenditure, we have never yet been able to live up to their hopes and expectations. But, still, a little money goes a long way, judiciously expended, and every "Christmas lady" among us finds it annually possible to do a great deal.'—'New York Commercial Advertiser.'

A Terrible Night on the Ice.

(Benjamin Howard.)

(By special request, we republish the following prize story for Prince Edward Island, which appeared some years ago in the Montreal 'Witness,' in a series of prize stories of the provinces.)

A little more than thirty years ago, when the now flourishing town of Summerside, had grown only to the size of a small village, a very sad and tragic event happened on the ice, in this harbor, which, for the time, cast a deep gloom over the neighborhood.

The winter had just fairly set in, and the first ice had completely closed up the navigation. It was about the time of the Christmas festivities, so much enjoyed by the young people in those days in the social and innocent pastime of sleigh-driving and visiting friends. At this time our railway was not thought of, nor yet our telegraph and telephone systems, now a seeming necessity of our every day life; hence the utility of so much sleigh driving in those days. In the narrative we are about to relate, we shall aim at giving nothing but the simple fact in every detail, as there are many persons still living who recollect this unfortunate occurrence, and therefore it is the more necessary to be particular in this respect, only the names of the parties being withheld.

A party of four young persons, all unmarried, consisting of two ladies, their brother,

and a lady friend, left their home in Bedeque to visit some friends residing in Summerside, intending to return home the same evening. Being early in the season, the ice had not yet been 'bushed' or marked out for travellers, but this they did not mind, as the day was fine, the ice fairly good, and the travelling light and enjoyable. Arriving early at their friend's house, they spent a pleasant evening in social chat and rustic merriment, and it was not till some time after nine o'clock that they thought of returning home.

The night was not quite so fine as the day had been, for a north easterly wind had sprung up and was increasing with some snow falling; but no danger was apprehended, as less than an hour's drive would put them over the dangers of the harbor's ice. But such good forture was not in store for them. After getting fairly on the ice they found that their former track was completely obliterated, and very soon every object was lost to their view, not even a solitary star could be seen to guide those lonely travellers over that icy waste.

For some time they drove on and on in the hope of seeing some object, but in vain. At length one of the ladies, growing restless and fearful that they were going astray, observed that either the wind had changed, or they were going in a wrong direction. The young man then left the sleigh, and tried to find where they were, but could discover nothing, and now fully realized that they had lost their way. He walked on cautiously, leading the horse. The night, in the meantime, grew bitterly cold and stormy, while their uncomfortable condition from cold and exposure made the situation each moment more perilous, and the time painfully weary.

In this bewildered condition they slowly wandered about in hope of finding a landing and some shelter for the night, but in what direction they went, or over what dangers they may have passed, can only be conjectured.

At last, without the least warning, they were all thrown headlong into the freezing water; horse, sleigh, driver and the three women were all plunged into the deep water without any hope of help. The young man, being in the prime of life, by sheer strength soon succeeded in getting out on the firm ice, and just then observed the glimmer of a distant light; but to his dismay he found that there was a sheet of open water between him and where he saw the light.

There appeared no other way of escape than to swim across the opening to the inner side, and this he succeeded in doing, though with much difficulty, owing to snow and thin ice obstructing his way. He had now reached the spot where his two sisters were struggling in the water, and one of them, for a time, clung to him with that tenacity so peculiar to all drowning people; but the brother told her to make an effort to hold to the ice until he could get out, and then he would save them both. This she did, and with great effort he succeeded in getting both his sisters out of the cold, deep water, but, unfortunately, the lady friend who was with them could not be reached, for she had been caught evidently in the sleigh or harness and soon perished. The brother and sisters then made towards the light, struggling on in their half-perishing condition, in the face of a blinding snow-storm. This light was about a mile or more distant, and in their benumbed condition, they made but slow progress, which became still slower as the elder of the two sisters momentarily grew fainter, and after bearing up bravely for nearly half a mile, she sank down never to rise again in this life, urging her brother and sister to go on and save themselves, if possible. Nothing could be done but for the two remaining ones to push on towards the light, and this they did bravely, although by this time there were two or three inches of snow on the ice, and the clothes they had on were frozen solid. But every moment brought them nearer relief, and after what seemed to them many long hours, they finally saw the shore, and found they had at last got to land. Here again was another difficulty; no house was near enough for its inmates to hear their cry for help, and the sister could not get up the bank even with her brother's help; so there was nothing left to be done but for the brother to leave his sister and seek help, or else die there with her. With her advice, however, he climbed the bank, and found to his great surprise that he was again in Summerside, though how it happened he could not understand. After a short time he got to a house, the alarm was soon given, and the perishing woman was found in the snow and was promptly cared for.

At this time there were ship yards close by, and all the men there employed turned out in search of the two persons who had perished. It was not yet daylight when the search began, and it was impossible to learn from the bewildered young man the direction in which they had met their misfortune; the party of searchers burnt tar barrels to aid them in their search, and parties travelled in different directions, but all to no purpose. Soon after daylight, however, some articles of clothing were found, a glove in one place, and a victorine further in another, and so by following up this clue the body of the sister who had perished on the ice was found. She had sunk down on her knees, and had fallen forward on her face, in her dying moments. A temporary bier was made with sticks and her remains carried to the hotel, where her brother and sister were already being cared for. After this one had been found, a party of men, following on in the direction indicated by the bits of clothing, soon found the remaining body, and also the horse and sleigh, all of which were floating on the surface of the water, the woman and horse being cold in death.

It seemed that sometime after leaving Summerside on their way home, the driver became confused, and, turning his horse toward the harbor's mouth, had made a right angle to the course he should have followed, and drove directly out towards the open sea, into an opening in the ice, quite across the harbor. At their home the parents had been very uneasy, and the father, in the morning, took a horse and drove with haste to Summerside, arriving shortly after the recovery of his dead child and her companion. The surviving daughter being young, strong, and healthy, soon rallied and regained her former strength, and in due time married and reared a family, some of whom are still living near by, the mother having passed away some years ago. The brother is still living, seeming little the worse of his terrible night's adventure on the ice.

The First Twenty Years.

A minister once said in an address to young people: 'Live as long as you may, the first twenty years form the larger part of your life. They appear so when they are passing by; they seem so when we look back on them, and they take up more room in our memory than all the years that come after them.

'Take good care of the first twenty years of your life. On the use which you make of them your happiness and usefulnes in after years will very largely depend. See that they are spent in learning right habits and cultivating good tastes.—'The Philadelphia Presbyterian.'

When God Sends.

'Oh, God, please send me to Milton Mount College!' So prayed a little lassie in a far northern manse thirty years ago.

Elder sisters and brothers had secured some measure of school life, but a tribe of most exigent younger brothers seemed to her immature mind to threaten to eclipse her own chances altogether. Fascinating papers had appeared on 'father's table,' tag ends of conversations between the parents had reached Mollie's ears.

'Milton Mount College Magazine' was eagerly conned with absorbing curiosity. 'Could it be?' 'Was it possible that life was going to open out to this?' Ecstatic dreams indulged in while 'minding baby' in the manse garden or the quiet lanes, dreams in which 'Mollie Walpole' figured largely—in examination lists, in college magazine, in tennis. Oh, the ball was at her feet, and everything was possible! But—who knows the mind of a child? The boys, their Sunday clothes, their Saturday clothes, their socks, their boots, their shirts, sheets and pockets all clamoring for attention day by day. And by-and-by, too big, too noisy, too wild for the restricted walls of the little manse, they are sent off to 'Lewisham'! Whilst, during the making, buying and marking of the new clothes, little Mollie helped with more or less grace, passionately throwing her prayer to heaven eve after eve, 'Oh, God, send me to Milton Mount!'

She never went—desultory lessons with a dear, cultured father and an entirely loving, well-educated mother, followed by more or less casual attendance at a school carried on by an elder sister, filled Mollie's years till well into her teens, when the little lassie went out to face the world. A good world, with God at the heart of it, she found. All was not lost, though college never came her way. With the high courage born of a simple life and truthful living, she strenuously fought her way to leave to work. Finding joy in service and ever serving, in due time came the call to the foreign mission field. Father and mother gone, brothers and sisters making their own way, she found herself free and ready. More than twelve years of intense, fascinating, bewilderingly difficult life in Oriental lands brought her perilously near

> The end of the fight,
> With a tombstone white
> The epitaph drear,
> One lies here
> Who tried to hustle the East!

But two long, cool, grey damp summers in the homeland worked their healing on her, and again Mollie applied for medical certificate and marching orders! Meanwhile, to help her to forget Arabic with all its triliteral roots, she was set to deputation work.

'We shall be glad if you will address the girls at Milton Mount College, and hope you will spend a few days with us!'

Mollie, grey-haired, well over forty, gazed at the Lady Principal's note and, as in a dream, accepted. As in a dream she drove up to the college, to the great grey front, so strangely familiar, and yet now beheld for the first time. Almost as nervous as a 'new girl,' she entered the doors, traversed the long corridors, and after a kindly welcome from the Lady Principal found herself installed in 'Room 112.'

'Better thus than as a new girl of thirteen,' meditated Mollie, over her fire and cup of tea!

With the keen delight of fulfilled desire Mollie took stock of all and everything; the class-rooms, dormitories and garden were all eagerly visited; she dined or supped not only with the Head, but here and there in the big hall; wrote mysterious maxims in curious Arabic in girls' albums, and fearlessly invaded the sanctum known as the mistress's sitting-room. But the crown and joy of it all was in the girls themselves. Here Mollie, an ardent lover of and believer in girls, was given a free hand by a most kindly and discriminating principal. Special talks with the thoughtful steady sixth form, a delightful Sunday evening with a happy-faced, white-pinafored crowd of little girls in the principal's own room, and one delightful evening with the whole school, when, supported on the platform by a bevy of the girls dressed as Moslem, Druse, Syrian or Damascene ladies, Mollie told the story of many scenes and events of life and work today in Bible lands.

The clear ringing laughter and the sweet silent sympathy of these British girls rejoiced the heart and filled her with hope and courage, and as the grey-haired, tired-out, but gloriously happy missionary knelt down to pray that night in 'Room 112' the words came from a full heart, 'Oh, God, I thank Thee that now, in Thine own time and in Thine own way, Thou hast brought me to Milton Mount College.'—E. S., in the 'Christian World.'

Sabbath.

A Sabbath well spent
Brings a week of content,
And help for the toils of to-morrow;
But a Sabbath profaned,
Whatso'er may be gained,
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.

Grown in a Tumbler.

Common garden peas are hardy and may be grown in an ordinary tumbler. Tie over the mouth of a tumbler, which should be filled with water, a bit of the coarse, stiff net used by the milliners. Cover this net with peas and stand in a dark but not cold place for three days. At the end of this time take the tumbler to the window, and in a few days the roots will be seen shooting down into the water, and soon the vine will be ready for training.

An effect both pretty and unique is secured by encircling a large jelly glass with wire, to which is fastened a dame shaped network of fine wire. The vine will spread over this, making a perfect net of fresh, green leaves, which may be allowed to droop gracefully when the top growth is sufficiently thick. The vessel should always be kept full of water, and a few drops of household ammonia and several small pieces of charcoal should be added each week.

After experimenting with a tumbler, train a vine over a goldfish bowl in the same way. Fresh cut flowers thrust into the mass of vines make this a beautiful centrepiece for the table on festive occasions. The flowers should be permitted to remain only during the meal, as otherwise they would soon absorb all the vitality of the growing leaves.—Ex.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Dec., it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Last Weeks Prize Winners.

The lists sent in so far are so small that the prizes and commissions awarded are amounting to nearly double the amount sent in by the prize winners.

Any one reading the following statement carefully will see how easily people are earning these cash prizes.

The first one to start in any town or village has of course the best chance. The best lists so far are coming from villages.

The first week of the competition the prize winners sent us altogether only $22.85

And they received as commission	$18.03
And " " " Prizes....	$15.00
	$33.03

Another week in the competition the two prize winners sent us altogether only $8.85.

And they received as commission	$1.86
And " " " Prizes....	$15.00
	$16.86

The lists sent in are wofully small as yet. This is bad for us, but it makes it all the more easy for you to win the prizes.

Why don't you try? Even if you live in a small village you could easily beat the **largest** list yet. Remember, that one week the first prize was secured by a list that amounted to only $6.00. All the prizes so far, except one, have been secured by those living in villages.

We are giving these cash prizes, one of $10 and one of $5, every week until Christmas, in **addition** to our very liberal commissions, which alone are enough to make canvassing for the 'Witness,' 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger' a very profitable occupation for your spare time.

Besides, there is that prize of $200 coming next spring to the one sending the largest amount of subscription money (except Sunday-School clubs for 'Northern Messenger') before that date. Everything you send in now counts towards that prize, besides giving you the chance of one of the weekly prizes.

Try your neighbors. They will appreciate our publications as much as you do.

The following are the successful competitors in the gold competition for the week ending November 19th.

First Prize—$10.00 to Janet Fisher, Ontario, who sends $12.81 (net) worth of subscriptions and earns $6.64 as commission, making $16.64 profit on her week's work.

Second Prize—$5.00 to W. F. Newcomb, Nova Scotia, who sends $11.20 (net) worth of subscriptions and earns $10.73 as commission, making $15.73 profit for his week's work.

The lists must be marked "Gold Competition."

These Prizes are despatched each Monday.

Full particulars of the competition will be sent on application.

The Prodigal Son at Bongandanga.

(Lily Ruskin, 'In Regions Beyond.')

I want to tell you about something that took place at Bongandanga, far away in Central Africa, a little while ago.

At school, one morning, I had been teaching the boys and girls about the Prodigal Son, a story you know so well that I need not repeat it here. I told the children how that naughty boy ran away and came to grief in a far-off country, and how, at last, he was sorry, and came home in rags and tatters, with no money left. I went on to tell how his father was looking out for him, and seeing him afar off, ran to welcome him home, and then of the good time they had together.

The boys and girls listened to the old story with wide-open eyes and ears, and many were the questions they asked, and many the expressions of their wonder and surprise as to the foolishness of the son, and the great love of the father. I explained that this was only a faint picture of God's wonderful love to us, and that He was waiting to receive every Prodigal Son of His, if only they would return to Him. That story is now a favorite with all the children in the Bongandanga school; they are never tired of reading it, and often talk about it to their friends. And now I am going to tell you about something else which will help you to remember the Story of the Prodigal Son.

One day, I looked out of the door of my house at Bongandanga and saw a number of boys coming along the road. One of them was carrying something very carefully, but it was so small that I could not see what it was. Some of the others were talking very eagerly. I heard them say, 'Where did you get it? Where are you going to take it?' Why do you not kill it at once? Will you eat it for your supper? Bomolo, who was carrying this mysterious something, said, 'I found a nest of them in the forest, and the mother had gone to look for food, so I caught the little one,

THE TARSIER.

But not quite the same kind as the Lisile.

and now I am going to show it to Mama, because she hasn't seen one of them, and after that I shall kill it, and have some good soup for my supper.'

I called the boy to bring whatever he was carrying into the house. And when he showed it me it was such a funny little animal, much like this in the picture. I am sure none of you have ever seen him. Its English name is Tarsier, but the natives of Bongandanga call it Lisile, and they tell many strange stories of its doings. It is something like a very small kangaroo, with long thin hind-legs and much shorter ones in front. Its feet are just like human hands, with queer little sucker-like pads under the tips of its fingers, and nails like ours. Its tail is bushy, and almost three times as long as its body, and it turns it up behind like a squirrel. But the Lisile eyes are very strange. They are enormously large, whilst the pupils are so small that they look like little black specks. During the daytime, the Lisile sleeps, rolled up in a ball in a dark place, and it is most difficult to awaken him. In the evening he opens his big eyes until they shine like two bright lamps. Then moths and other insects crowd around him, only to find to their sorrow that these wondrous lights are the eyes of their enemy, the Lisile, who speedily catches them, bites off their heads, and eats them up.

I found out all these things about this little creature because I persuaded the boy to give him to me. Of course, I had to make up to Bomolo for losing his supper, so I gave him a few teaspoonfuls of salt, which all natives love. My husband made a nice little cage for the Lisile, but when we first put him in he did not like it at all. However, he soon got used to us, and enjoyed getting food and milk without hunting for it, and thus settled down happily in his new life. He became so tame that he would come out and sit in my hand to be fed, and was a source of great amusement to all the boys about the station.

But, one night, his door was left open by accident, and our little friend thought he would see what the world was like. Out he jumped, and then his troubles began! Our little table-boy, Mboyo, was the first to find out our loss, and he came knocking at our door, crying, 'Bondele, Mama, Lisile a kenda—Whiteman, Mama, the Lisile is gone.' Of course we were very sorry, and a great search was made all over the house and garden; the boys hunted in the trees and bushes for our little pet, but it seemed of no avail—there was no sign of him. Two days passed, and having seen or heard nothing, we gave him up for lost. But on the third day, just at sunset, as we were having supper, we heard a commotion amongst some boys outside. 'Give me a stick,' said one, 'quick.' 'Kill it, kill it,' called others, 'Nyama supu' (meat, soup). There was a great stampede amongst the boys, when one called out, 'Stop, do not

kill it, it is Mama's, let me catch it for her.' They stopped, and Ekuva, after a little run, caught the Lisile, who had been wandering about in the grass and bushes for nearly three days. They brought him in, and such a pitiful little object he looked—wet, dirty and cold. His hands were like ice; his eyes filled with grit and sand, and his fur all rough and wet with the dew. He was trembling and so frightened that he knew not where to go. How glad he was to find his home again and nestle in my hand. When I had smoothed his fur, washed his eyes, and fed him with nice warm milk, he soon grew better. The boys stood round, looking on and doing all they could to welcome the wanderer home; and then they turned and said one to another, 'See, the prodigal son has come home; Mama's prodigal has come home.' (Bona o fitaki baumba ao ya).

And so our Lisile got his name, 'Bona o fitaki baumba,' and you see how well the boys of Bongandanga had learned their lesson; so well, that they were able to apply it as soon as they had a chance.

I hope all you dear boys and girls remember the Story of the Prodigal Son as well, and that you will not forget the Bongandanga children who learn such stories in our school. Pray for them—that they too may come home to their Father in Heaven, Who is waiting to give them a welcome.

Ada's Victory.

(By Rose K., in 'The Canadian Baptist.')

(Concluded.)

'Oh, yes, grandmama, I would. I have tried, and tried not to get angry, but just seems that I cannot help it. I am afraid I never can slay my "Bad Temper," grandmama,' Ada replied with tears springing to her eyes.

'No, Ada, you cannot, "Bad Temper" is a too powerful giant for you to combat. But do you remember how David told Goliath that he came, when he went out to fight him!'

'I think he said he had come to him in the strength of the Lord God of Israel, grandmama,' answered Ada, after thinking a moment.

'And how did David succeed in the fight?' asked Ada.

'Do you think he would have been successful if he had gone in his own strength, not in that of the Lord God of Israel?' questioned grandmama.

'Why, no, grandmama. He was only a mere boy, and Goliath was a great big giant," replied Ada wonderingly.

'Then if you would slay this giant enemy of yours, who is so much more powerful than you, in whose strength must you go, dear?'

Ada did not reply immediately, but sat quietly thinking. At length, looking earnestly up into the old lady's face, she said, 'Do you mean that I am to meet him in God's strength?'

'Yes, Ada, you, too, must go in the strength of the Lord God of Israel, if you would conquer,' replied grandmama. And sitting there, that beautiful autumn evening, with the departing rays of the setting sun falling upon them, she who was nearly through with the battles of life, and rich in wisdom and experience resulting therefrom, talked with the little girl who was just beginning those battles about the great Deliverer, who delivers His people from their enemies; about the Conqueror by whose strength his people may conquer all giants of evil; about the Counselor, who bade her bring all her difficulties, all her perplexities to Him, promising that He would make plain the path in which she should go at all times.

'In His name you can conquer, Ada,' said she. 'You remember reading, do you not, of how the men working under Nehemiah in rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem, worked with their sword in one hand, ready at any moment for an attack of the enemy? So must you in your warfare with this giant, and all gaints of evil, keep your sword ever ready for use; for you do not know at what moment your enemy will attack you.'

'Sword, Grandmamma!' said Ada, 'What sword am I to use?'

'Bring your Bible, Ada,' said grandmama in reply. Ada crossed the room to her little table, picked up her Bible which lay upon it, and after handing it to her grandmama, seated herself again at her side. Mrs. Smith turned to Paul's description of the Christian armour in the sixth chapter of Ephesians.

'Read this, Ada,' said she. Ada read it carefully.

'What does it say there the sword is?' asked grandmama. 'And the Sword of the Spirit which is the Word of God,' Ada read in reply.

'Oh, yes, the Word of God, it truly is the sword of the Spirit. Used by the Spirit, all evil dies at its touch.'

Ada then, as grandmama told her where to find them, turned and read aloud other passages of Scripture where the Bible is referred to as a sword. 'Paul bids us take it,' said grandmama. 'Of what use is the Bible to us when it is lying upon a shelf or a table in our homes? Let us take it, not only in our hands to open and read it, but take its words into our minds, its teachings into our hearts. Study it thoroughly, asking God, whose great love has given us this Word, to send the Holy Spirit whose sword it is that He may reveal its teaching to us and give us wisdom, courage and strength to follow it. Thus Bad Temper and all evil giants in your life will be slain. And you will need an instrument of defence as well. Paul speaks of a shield. What shield are we to use?'

'It speaks of a shield of faith,' answered Ada.

'Ah, yes, dear, in life's battles you will need the shield of faith, for the enemy tries with all his might to discourage us. Fiery, indeed, are the darts with which he tries to wound us. But have faith in God, have faith in His Word, knowing that he is able, knowing that he is willing, and that he will help us conquer. And Paul says, 'Praying always,' bringing all our hopes, all our plans our discouragements, our disappointments, our trials to God, talking freely with our Councillor about them. And beside praying we are to do what?'

'Watch,' answered Ada, promptly.

'Yes,' replied grandmama, 'we are to be on the look out for the enemy, having sword and shield ready for use.'

They talked in this manner for some time about the different pieces of armor, then knelt and asked the guidance of the Great Captain in whose service Ada had enlisted.

Ada got no chestnuts that evening, but she got something of many thousand times more value. She pondered over this conversation for many a day. Indeed, in all her after-life its influence never left her. She is now a young lady so calm and pleasant that, if you were to meet her, you would never dream of her having been at one time a slave of that hateful giant Bad Temper.

To be sure she had many and many a struggle, but, thanks be to God, He always gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

How Much Land Have You Consumed.

'I figured out, years ago,' said a prosperous farmer, 'that with very moderate drinking, I'd drink an acre of good land every year. So I quit.' Here is a temperance lecture.

It would not be so bad if all the woe and sorrow came to the drinker himself; but it is the vicarious suffering it creates that makes intemperance so terrible. The husband drinks and the worthy wife is woeful, sorrowful. The father gets drunk and his innocent children go hungry, sicken, suffer and die. The son goes on a debauch, and his father's pride perishes and his mother's heart breaks.—'The Crusader's Monthly.'

The Brewer's Lament.

A correspondent writing from Bath to one of our daily contemporaries, quotes from the recent report of a great Metropolitan brewing company. The directors, in explaining a falling off in their sale of drink, say:—'The depression is most felt in the East End of London, owing to the removal to the suburbs of large numbers of British workmen, and the influx of aliens. . . . The natural course which under ordinary circumstances should be open—that of following the consumer to his new place of abode—is rendered difficult by the action of the licensing authorities.—'The League Journal.'

The Famous Dr. Lorenz on Alcoholic Drinks.

Dr. Lorenz, the eminent European surgeon, who has recently made his second visit to America, and whose remarkable operations have attracted much attention, emphatically declares the danger of alcoholic drinks. A banquet was given in his honor in New York City, and wine was served. The eminent guest declined it, and politely requested the waiter to bring him a cup of tea. This caused him to be asked if he were an abstainer from the use of wines and other liquors. His answer was as follows: 'I cannot say that I am a temperance agitator, but I am a surgeon. My success depends upon my brain being clear, my muscles firm, and my nerves steady. No one can take alcoholic liquors without blunting those physical powers which I must keep on edge. As a surgeon I must not drink.'

Waiting for Mother.

Lady Henry Somerset once told the following story to an interviewer in America.—

'You do not half realize the conditions we are fighting against in our land. In England we have first to win the women from drunkenness. Think how the thousands of children suffer whose mothers are drunkards! I remember seeing, one cold night, a child sitting on the curbstone just as the church clock struck eleven. I asked, "What are you doing there, little one?" He answered, with sobs—"I am waiting till the clock strikes twelve, because mother will come from the public-house then, and we will go home." '—Exchange.

Does It Pay.

The gross earnings of all the railways of the United States during 1899 were $1,249,588,724. This would little more than pay the United States drink bill for fourteen months. Yet the railways carried during the year 514,982,288 passengers, and moved 912,973,853 tons of freight. In doing this they employed 874,578 persons, and paid for operating expenses $817,973,276. The liquor traffic cost the American people nearly as much as the railway traffic, and instead of receiving an equivalent for the cash it received, it actually laid a tax upon the people for the support and the maintenance of prisons, poorhouses, and asylums filled with the wretched victims of the traffic.—Exchange.

The London 'Daily Chronicle is responsible for the following: Temperance work is spreading finely. At a recent school treat, among other philanthropists, the eighteen-year-old daughter of the M.P. for the district was lending assistance. A bright little lad, having had his fill of cake and cross-questioning, thought he would show his affability by joining in the conversation. For this purpose he approached the young lady, and asked her, 'Are you a teetotaler, miss?' 'No, dear,' she replied; 'why do you ask?' Then, with a grave face, and in a voice lowered to a persuasive whisper, he pleaded, 'Oh, why don't you give it up, miss?'

A Tail of Woe.

Sing a song of Saturday—
Pockets full of pay,
Four-and-twenty workmen
Putting work away.

Sing a song of Saturday—
Wages thrown away,
In the glaring 'public'
Faltering footsteps stray.

Sing a song of Sunday—
Home that's black and bare,
Wife and children starving,
Crust of bread their share.

Sing a song of Sunday—
In a prison-cell,
Isn't that a grivous tale
For me to have to tell?

Sing a song of Monday—
Brought before the 'beak;'
Fine of twenty shillings,
Alternative—'a week.'

Workhouse for the children,
Workhouse for the wife,
Isn't drink a hideous blot
On our national life?

—'Sunday Circle.'

The Wedding Ring's Story.

(John Rhodes, C.M., in the 'Temperance Leader and League Journal.')

My first recollection is that I was part of a lump of gold, reposing on a velvet cushion under a glass case in a jeweller's shop window, the admiration of daily passers by. What an easy life mine was! One day the master said to the assistant—'Take the nugget into the workroom and cut off enough for a heavy wedding ring.' I was the piece cut off. I did not like the operation, but it was a mere nothing to what followed.

I was actually to be melted up with a little piece of silver and a smaller morsel of copper, for the assistant said to a boy who was looking on, that a ring of pure gold would not wear well.

The melting was done in a little cup made of charcoal. How I gasped as the fierce heat of a gas flame was blown upon me with a blow-pipe! The assistant told the boy to put in a little powdered borax, and I found myself, the silver, and the copper were becoming a liquid, and no one could have found the other two metals, they seemed to be swallowed up in me.

Then the liquid was poured very slowly into a mould, yet I was not a ring at all, simply a rough little bar of thick gold wire about an inch long. I thought to myself—'What a foolish fellow that assistant is, and won't the master scold him when he sees me!'

They left me alone for a little while till I cooled; then they put me into a groove in a piece of steel, and beat me with a heavy hammer, flattening my inner side, and leaving me in the form of half-round wire; my appearance was a little improved, for I was much smoother than before.

The cool way in which that assistant pointed out to the boy that I was hard and brittle disgusted me, for I felt it was not at all my fault. Then he said—'Now watch the annealing process. I was put on a piece of pumice stone, and again he blew the dreadful gas flame on me, till I was red hot, then he left me to cool again.

When I was cool the man bent me round a steel rod into a circular shape. He was very particular to see that my ends fitted together very evenly; then he fastened them with gold solder, and now I really had become a ring. The master came, looked me over carefully, and said—'That is going on all right. Put it on the ring triblet, tap it with that wooden mallet till it's shape is perfect, then we will color it.' The tapping was not so bad, but the coloring process hurt very much. Just fancy! I was put on the pumice again, heated to what the boy called 'cherry red,' and left to cool; then I was boiled in a mixture of one part of sulphuric acid to four parts of water. Oh, dear! that wretched boy asked, 'Why don't you put more acid in?' The man said that one part was enough; if more acid were put in, the gold would dissolve.

I found I had gone through the worst. I was well washed in hot, soapy water that had a little potash dissolved in it, and well brushed with a soft brush. The master again came into the workroom and asked—'How are you getting on with the ring?' 'Very well, sir, said the man; 'is it to have a burnishing?' I wondered what horrible process that was, and was very much relieved to hear the master say, 'No, it has a beautiful, rich finish, and we will leave it like that.'

Then I had the soapy water rinsed off me, and was dried in hot boxwood sawdust. I thought my experiences were over, but found my mistake, for the man took me to the Assay Office. Here I had to undergo much stamping, for I was stamped with the figure 18, a crown, a leopard's head, a date mark, a duty mark, and my maker's initials. This is what the master called having me 'hall marked.' I wonder if he would like being 'hall marked' in the same way.

My troubles were over now. I was fixed in a case with other rings, put into the shop window again, and had the pleasure of being looked at many times a day. Often well-dressed young fellows would come, look at me, and chaff each other, saying—'My word, old boy, there's the ring if you could find the right finger for it.' Sometimes young ladies would come and look at me. I stayed there for some time, till on a bright sunny day a couple stood in front of the shop window looking eagerly in.

As soon as the lady's eye fel on me she turned to her companion, saying, in such a sweet voice—'Oh, Fred! if that one is my size I should like it.' They came into the shop, and Fred asked to look at some rings.

'Gentlemen's?' asked the jeweller.

'Er, no,' replied Fred.

'Oh! I see, engagement rings?' The young lady smiled and turned her head away as Fred said—'No; we do not want an engagement ring.'

'Now I understand,' said my master, 'let me offer hearty congratulations on the coming event; here is a tray of very good rings.' She blushed sweetly as Fred took me out of the case, slipped me on her finger, and I fitted to perfection. Then I was paid for, put into a box with a beautiful cushion inside, and carried away to Fred's home.

It was close in that box, and there was nothing to be seen and little to be heard. I was glad when Fred, after carrying me about in the box for a day or two, took me out, wrapped me in tissue paper, and put me in his waistcoat pocket. I was going to say he kept me there, but he did not, for fifty times a day he took me out to admire me. At night I slept under his pillow, but even then, in his sleep, he had to keep touching me to make sure that I was safe.

I wondered when the young lady's finger would be my resting-place. Soon there came a morning when Fred got up very early, dressed most carefully, and went off with another well-dressed young fellow who had called for him. He hastily seized me, then off they rushed at headlong speed down the stairs to the street door, where a carriage was waiting. Into this they stepped, the driver whipped up his horses, and off they trotted as fast as they could go.

(To be continued.)

LESSON XI.—DECEMBER 11.

Captivity of the Ten Tribes.

II. Kings xvii., 6-18.

Golden Text.

The face of the Lord is against them that do evil. I. Peter iii., 12.

Home Readings.

Monday, Dec. 5.—II. Kings xvii., 6-18.
Tuesday, Dec. 6.—Hosea xiii., 1-16.
Wednesday, Dev. 7.—II. Kings xvii., 19-31.
Thursday, Dec. 8.—II. Kings xvii., 32-41.
Friday, Dec. 9.—Ezra iv., 1-16.
Saturday, Dec. 10.—John iv., 19-26.
Sunday, Dec. 11.—II. Chron. xxxvi., 14-23.

INTRODUCTION.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

In sharp contrast with the glorious opening of Hezekiah's reign stands the story of the captivity of the northern kingdom, Israel. These events were not far apart in time, the fall of Samaria occurring about six years after the last lesson. The fact that Judah was returning to God and was casting out her idolatry makes all the more marked the disaster to Israel, now a degraded and depraved nation.

Hoshea was king of Israel when the kingdom was swept away. His name meant salvation, a singular thing in view of the fact that his kingdom met destruction.

If you read the prophets Hosea and Amos you will discover more fully how terribly Israel sinned and how God pleaded with them to turn to him, though they would not.

As all authorities agree, the time of Samaria's fall was late in 722 or early in 721 B.C. Rome had been founded only thirty years. Isaiah and Micah were prophesying in Judah.

THE FACT RECORDED.

6. 'In the ninth year of Hoshea the king of Assyria took Samaria, and carried Israel away into Assyria, and placed them in Halah and in Habor by the river of Gozan, and in the cities of the Medes.'

Hosea is numbered among the evil kings of Israel, though 'not as the kings of Israel that were before him.' He and the kingdom must suffer the consequences of a long period of wickedness. Shalmaneser the king of Assyria had already reduced Israel to servitude, as we find in the early verses of this chapter, but Hosea had made a conspiracy with the king of Egypt.

That settled Israel's fate. The king was seized and imprisoned and disappeared from history. Samaria was besieged three years and then fell. Shalmaneser died before the seige was over, history tells us, but Sargon who succeeded him as the 'king of Assyria' took the city.

Verse 6 tells how the children of Israel were carried away captive and placed in various parts of Assyrian dominion. An inscription has been found in the ruins of the palace of Sargon which says:

'I besieged the city of Samaria and took it. I carried off twenty-seven thousand, two hundred and eighty of the citizens. I chose fifty chariots for myself from the whole number taken; all the other property of the people of the town I left for my servants to take. I appointed resident officers over them, and imposed on them the same tribute as had formerly been paid. In the place of those taken into captivity, I sent thither inhabitants of lands conquered by me, and imposed the tribute on them which I required from the Assyrians.'

So the people were scattered, and strangers dwelt with the remnant that was left in Samaria. Israel as a kingdom is ended, and the ten tribes that composed it passed from record to be one of the mysteries of human history.

THE REASON FOR A NATION'S FALL.

7. 'For so it was, that the children of Israel had sinned against the Lord their God, which had brought them up out of the land of Egypt, from under the hand of Pharaoh king of Egypt, and had feared other gods.

8. 'And walked in the statutes of the heathen, whom the Lord cast out from before the children of Israel, and of the kings of Israel, which they had made.

9. 'And the children of Israel did secretly those things that were not right against the Lord their God, and they built them high places in all their cities, from the tower of the watchmen to the fenced city.

10. 'And they set them up images and groves in every high hill, and under every green tree:

11. 'And there they burned incense in all the high places, as did the heathen whom the Lord carried away before them; and wrought wicked things to provoke the Lord to anger:

12. 'For they served idols, whereof the Lord had said unto them, Ye shall not do this thing.'

The record of the punishment that came upon Israel is given in the first verse of the lesson; then follow the reasons.

In the first place certain specific sins had been committed. Note the list charged against them: Feared other gods; obeyed statutes of the heathen and of their own idolatrous kings; committed secret as well as open sins; made high places in all of their cities; set up images and groves; burned incense in their high places; did wicked things that provoked God.

Heathen practices and laws had come with the worship of idols. This worship included things so fearfully low and wicked that they cannot be described. The great religious occasions connected with some of the heathen temples included the wildest revels and debauchery.

We may ask why Israel would leave the service of the God that had created and preserved the nation for such things as these. It might be answered briefly that idolatry presented all the attractions of worldliness, it was the religion of the nations about Israel, and its wicked pleasures and freedom from moral restraint had their temptations.

Why do men to-day prefer wroldly pleasures and treasures instead of godliness? The heart of man is prone to wickedness. It was so in Israel's day, it is so now.

GOD'S PATIENCE WITH ISRAEL.

13. 'Yet the Lord testified against Israel, and against Judah, by all the prophets, and by all the seers, saying, Turn ye from your evil ways, and keep my commandments and my statutes, according to all the law which I commanded your fathers, and which I sent to you by my servants the prophets.

14. 'Nothwithstanding they would not hear, but hardened their necks, like to the neck of their fathers, that did not believe in the Lord their God.

15. 'And they rejected his statutes, and his covenant that he made with their fathers, and his testimonies which he testified against them; and they followed vanity, and became vain, and went after the heathen that were round about them, concerning whom the Lord had charged them, that they should not do like them.

16. 'And they left all the commandments of the Lord their God, and made them molten images, even two calves, and made a grove, and worshipped all the host of heaven, and served Baal.

17. 'And they caused their sons and their daughters to pass through the fire, and used divinations and enchantments, and sold themselves to do evil in the sight of the Lord, to provoke him to anger.

All the wicked things mentioned in verses 7-12 the people had been doing, yet God had not destroyed them. The Bible is one long story of God's endeavor to win a sinful race back to himself. In all times he has shown that the wages of sin is death, while love for him and obedience to his will mean life. At last he even sent his Son to die that the redemption of sinners might be provided. Yet in the face of all this, how shall a portion of mankind recognizes his claims.

So it was with the children of Israel. Prophet after prophet had been sent. Elijah, Elisha, Amos, Hosea, Isaiah, were among those who had borne the invitation and the warnings to the wayward people. But to what end? Judah was at last experiencing a revival, it was true, under Hezekiah and Isaiah, but Israel had reached such depths of sin that her national life must be terminated. Divine justice cannot be excluded by divine mercy. The hour of punishment had come.

Notice that the list of wrongs in verses 14-17 is somewhat different from that in the early part of the lesson. In the first few verses the people are described as offending the God that rescued the nation from Egyptian bondage, and who forbade them in the Mosaic law from idol worship.

In the verses just quoted the people have sinned against a God who has been sending new messengers to them to call to mind his law and to urge them to forsake their evil ways and return before punishment falls upon them.,

In the verses just quoted the people have sinned against a God who has been sending new messengers to them to call to mind his law and to urge them to forsake their evil ways and return before punishment fall upon them. In the verses first quoted the people forsook the law of God given their fathers; in the second they had insulted their loving, entreating Lord to his face. Their calamity followed this last form of sin.

Have you been guilty, not only of breaking the laws of God, but of resisting his continued pleading with you? Remember that a nation in the old days did so, and perished.

In describing how they refused to listen to God, the broken laws and rejected testimonies are mentioned. The two calves spoken of recall Jeroboam and the way he made the people sin. They turned to Baal, and, as suggested by the reference to the children made to pass through fire, to Molech, another heathen god. Divinations and enchantments still practiced in our time, were additional sins.

As men in those days sold themselves into servitude, so the Israelites sold themselves to evil doing. They became a vain, idolatrous, and abandoned people.

THEREFORE.

18. 'Therefore the Lord was very angry with Israel, and removed them out of his sight: there was none left but the tribe of Judah only.'

The lesson opened with the simple statement of the close of Israel's life. Then came the reasons, the breaking of law and the defiance of God. Now we have the conclusion, the 'therefore.' For generations Israel had defied God, and such a career had produced its result. 'Therefore the Lord was very angry.'

His anger and the divine sense of justice compelled him to put an end to Israel's national life, leaving only the kingdom of Judah to represent his people among the nations.

This story of the death of a nation for disobeying and ignoring God has its solemn meaning for individuals. God is love, he is long suffering, not willing that any should perish, but his 'spirit shall not always strive with man.'

Next week we have the review.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Dec. 11.—Topic—How to break bad habits and cultivate good ones. Rom. viii., 1-15.

Junior C. E. Topic.

TRUST AND OBEY.

Monday, Dec. 5.—Pursued, but kept. Ex. xiv., 1-9.

Tuesday, Dec. 6.—Grumbling, but saved. Ex. xiv., 10-12.

Wednesday, Dec. 7.—How God led them. Ex. xiv., 13-22.

Thursday, Dec. 8.—The Egyptians destroyed. Ex. xiv., 23-31.

Friday, Dec. 9.—Songs of victory. Ex. xv., 1-21.

Saturday, Dec. 10.—God gave them water. Ex. xv., 22-27.

Sunday, Dec. 11.—Topic—A lesson in trust and obedience. Ex. xvi., 1-7.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Correspondence

CONCERNING THESE LETTERS.

Will those who have not a letter in this number vote on the following, saying which letter you think is the most interesting to the greatest number of people. Votes should be in for this page before Dec. 20.

CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR.

Lawrence, Kansas.

Dear Editor,—Seeing my last letter in print, I thought I would write again. Well, winter is coming, and I am glad, for I love to play in snow and on the ice. On Oct. 6 we went to Lawrence to the semi-centennial, and we had a very nice time. I saw a monkey who could ride a pony and jump through a hoop; and I also saw a Ferris wheel and a merry-go-round. I thought that that they were very nice. There was a nice parade too. There were Indians and soldiers, and every one of that sort in it, and I saw part of John Brown's waggon. It looked very old and broken up. I have only missed two days of school this year, and I averaged 90 1-8 in my studies the first month. We have not got many blooming flowers this year. I like to have lots of pretty flowers in the winter. The wild violets are blooming here now, and the are very pretty indeed. In my last letter you wanted me to write and tell you how to farm peanuts. Well, in the spring, make large hills of earth, and then put three or four peanuts in the hills, and they come up like peas. You must keep them hilled up, and keep them clean. They have a little yellow flow on the stem, and these stems grow about six or seven inches long. The peanuts come on the roots of the plant, and when they get ripe after the frosts, you must pull them up and spread them out, and let them dry. When they are dry, pull the peanuts off and sack them up. I like the 'Messenger' better every time I read it. I like to read the stories in it. I take another paper, but I do not like it as well as I do the 'Messenger.' I have a kitten, and its name is Jack. I have it trained to run races with me, but it can run faster than I can.

JOSEPH W. T.

Richmond, Que.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I am eight years old on July 5, and I have one little sister four years old on July 26. Her name is Isabell. We go to the Presbyterian Sunday-school, and I get the 'Messenger' there. I like it very much. I go to the St. Francis College School, and I am in the second reader. There are about twenty-one in my class. We all try to get the most head marks. I have two grandmammas and one grandpa, and lots of uncles, aunts and cousins, some in Evansville, Ind., Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Sarnia, Ont., New York, Boston, Lynn, Laconia, Montreal and Paris, France. Richmond is a town of about 3,000 people. The Grand Trunk Railway runs right through the town, along the banks of the St. Francis river, which separates this from another town called Melbourne. They are connected by a big iron bridge. In the spring the river sometimes rises so high that it floods the town.

STANLEY C. H. H.

Lyn.

Dear Editor,—I have often thought of writing to the 'Messenger,' but neglected doing so. My father is a farmer, and we live about a mile and a half from the village of Lyn. I am a little girl ten years old. My birthday is on July 31. I go to school, and I am in the fourth book. My teacher's name is Miss C. and I like her very much. I like reading very well, and have read the following books: 'Elsie's New Relations,' 'Ella's Brown Gown,' 'Wide, Wide World,' 'Darby and Joan,' and several others.

EDNA E. G.

Jacksonville.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old. I have no brothers or sisters. There are two parts to our schoolhouse, an upstairs and a downstairs. I go to school downstairs. I am in the third reader. Our teacher is Mr. G. I have been taking the 'Messenger' for quite a while. I am taking music lessons, and I am now on my third quarter. We have had quite a little snow already. It has been awful cold here. We have two horses, one cow, and a lot of hens; also a dog, and a cat. Our cat's name is Lord Roberts. He lost a limb in a recent war (with a rat trap). Our dog's name is Shepherd.

GRACE C. H.

Solina, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have read the 'Messenger' for a long time, and like it very much. As so many girls and boys write, I thought that I would too. I live on our farm. My father's farm is of two hundred acres; not all in one farm, but in two, with just a road between them. On the farm south of where we live there is a huckleberry marsh, where we have great fun. People come from miles to see it and get the berries. I have three brothers and two sisters, all of them older than myself. My two oldest brothers have been to Guelph College, and my youngest brother to Toronto College. My sisters have passed the entrance, so I have to go alone to school now. We live a mile and a quarter from the village of Solina. I go to school nearly every day. My teacher's name is Mr. McK. There is a blacksmith and carpenter shop, a store, schoolhouse, and a Sons of Temperance Hall at the latter place. They have good temperance meetings every Friday evening. My sisters and I had a little pony given to us by a gentleman called Mr. Robert M., of Stouffville. My father imported two more ponies, one of them black and the other bay, from England. He has sold the bay, and now we have a little colt. We have a dog and two cats, and one kitten for pets. I like reading books, and among some I have read are: 'Coral Islands,' 'Peter the Whaler,' 'Martin Rattler,' 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'Danesbury House,' 'The Lamplighter,' 'The two little Travellers,' 'The Well-Spent Hour,' and others. We have lots of fun in Ontario. I think it must be fun to write from South America, as I have seen one letter from there. This is the first letter I have ever written to the 'Messenger.'

VERA B.

Kirk's Hill.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any letters from Kirk's Hill, I thought I would try and be the first one to write. I am a little girl nine years old. I go to school every day, and I have about two miles to walk. I am in the sixth grade. I live in the country, and we are about three miles from Parrsboro. We had a big rain here a little while ago, and there were about a thousand tons of mud and trees came down on the main road off a big mountain. We have about twenty geese, fifty hens, five horses, ten cows, four hogs and a lot of young cattle. Our school teacher's name is Miss S., and we all like her very much. There are nineteen scholars who go to our school. We do not go to Sunday-school, as we are too far away. We have one dog, and his name is Sailor, and we have one pure white cat. We have had two or three snow storms here, but as the ground was not frozen, the snow melted as soon as it came. We have a lot of apple trees and a few plum trees. My birthday is on Jan. 11. We keep the post-office, and we get the 'Messenger' every Friday or Saturday night. We all enjoyed the story about 'Dalph and Her Charge' very much, and I was sorry when it ended.

LIDIE M. S.

Mitchell Square, Ont.

Dear Editor,—It has been a long time since I have written to your paper. I am in the fifth class at school. I passed the entrance examinations at midsummer. Two others from our school also tried, and both of them passed. I am fond of studying and reading. My favorite authors are Henty and Kingston. In my last letter to your paper I told you about some of my inventions. I made a bicycle this summer. I could ride on it very well down grade, but it was like water, it would not run up grade. I was riding down a steep gangway one day, when I broke it. It was hardly worth my while to fix it, so I broke it up. I have madea sleigh this fall, which I can steer when I have my sail up or going down a hill. I had a good garden this summer. I planted it and attended to it myself. I like playing football better than any other game. I have a football which my father bought when he was in Toronto this fall. I take it to school with me. Our teacher comes out and plays, too. My father had the job of collecting the taxes for the township of Oro. He is through collecting now.

ROY M. (aged 13).

Byron, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write to the 'Messenger,' as we get it every Sunday at Sunday-school, and I like to read the Correspondence. I go to school very nearly every day, and I am in the second book. I go to sunday-school, too. For pets I have a dog, whose name is Kaizer, and five cats; their names are Tom, Ben, Pete, Topsy and Wing. My father keeps three horses and four cows, fourteen sheep. We have fifty-three acres of land, and we have a grove of chestnut trees, which we gather many chestnuts from. We are just a mile from Spring Bank Park. I have a brother and two sisters, all older than myself. I was nine years old on Oct. 9.

JOHN W. W.

St. David's, Ont.

Dear Editor,—A few weeks ago you said in the 'Messenger' that you wished the readers to write descriptive letters, so I am going to give you a description of Niagara Falls, which I hope may be interesting. St. David's is only five miles from the Falls, and I go there every day on the train to attend the Collegiate Institute. As the Collegiate overlooks the Falls, we can see them whenever we wish, and for this reason we do not, perhaps, appreciate them as much as we should; but, still, we cannot get over their grandeur and strength, no matter how often we see them. Just imagine, a million tons of water falling over that precipice of 160 feet every minute. The roar can be heard for miles around, and on a clear day we can even hear it in St. David's. Above the Falls there are numerous islands, the principal ones being Goat Island and the 'Three Sisters Islands.' All the islands are connected by bridges, so that a visitor may drive over the macadamized roads among the prettily-kept trees and shrubs, and view the Falls from the different points of interest. There are two steel arch bridges joining Canada with the United States, and there is talk of building a third right over the top of the Falls. The Cave of the Winds under the Falls is a favorite resort for tourists, but an unsafe place to go without a guide. One time a man who went in alone lost his way, and had to remain in the cave two days. When he was found he had nearly perished from cold and hunger. I might tell you of a great many other things about the Falls, such as 'The Maid of the Mist,' the great excavations, Victoria Park, etc., but it would make my letter too long. A good plan for anyone visiting the Falls is to take the Gorge Route Electric Railway. This goes down the steep banks of the river to Queenston, passing the whirlpool and the whirlpool rapids. At Queenston the cars cross to the Canadian side, and climb Queenston Heights, passing quite near Brock's Monument. A passenger may get off at any point on the route, and wait for the next car. Hoping that this description may prove interesting to some, and not be too long.

GEO. A. G.

Victoria, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for nearly one year, and have often thought I would like to write to it. I always enjoy reading the letters. I live in a seaport village, and this season of the year the streets present a busy scene, as there are many vessels loading at the wharves with produce. Some of the villagers own one or more vessels. People come from the surrounding country for ten to twelve miles on different roads carrying their produce to market, which consists of oats, barley, wheat, timothy, seed potatoes, turnips, apples, carrots, cabbage, etc. The steamer 'City of London,' comes once a week and carries hogs, fat cattle, geese, turkeys, chickens, etc., away to be shipped to foreign ports. We have a first-class school, with two teachers; also a rink and five lights between harbor and range lights. The largest range light, fifty feet in height, is situated on our farm. I am learning Latin, history, grammar, geography, arithmetic and the fifth book. My age is eleven years past. I try to do all I can working on the farm out of my school hours. This consists in picking potatoes, pulling turnips, carrots, etc. I pulled a turnip to-day measuring thirty-three inches in circumference, and I have an apple thirteen inches in circumference. In answer to Minnie E. M.'s question, the Book of Esther makes no mention of God. I intend trying for some new subscribers for the 'Messenger.'

E. D. I.

1904
CARICATURED.

Several hundred Cartoons by the brightest wits and truest pens have been collected from the leading publications of both hemispheres, and will be issued about the middle of December by the publishers of 'World Wide.' These Cartoons will give a most humorous and effective review of the interesting world-events of this most interesting year.

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Make Home Happy.

Many a child goes astray, not because there is a want of prayer or virtue at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles, as much as flowers need sunbeams. Children look little beyond the present moment. If a thing pleases, they are apt to seek it. If it displeases, they avoid it. If home is the place where voices are sour and words harsh, and fault finding is ever in the ascendant, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere.—'Young Churchman.'

The Value of Bible Stories in Child Training.

The incomparable stories of the Bible, if properly and repeatedly and impressively and earnestly taught to children, will furnish the children a sufficient religious education to build good strong Christian character upon in later years. A child may become very well acquainted with God through the stories God has put in his Book. If the time some spend in telling children, 'Bear stories' were spent in telling Bible stories, it would be better for the character of the bears and the bairns both. Many a good honest bear has been fearfully slandered to make an exciting story for children which had no permanent effect upon them for good. Of course no harm was intended, and we do not say that harm was done, but the point we want to make is that real lasting good might, aye, would, have been done had the story of Joseph or Samuel or Daniel been substituted for the bear story. A little care and thought on the subject can do much to help it.—Australian Paper.

Selected Recipes.

Tea Twists.—Work two oz. of butter into one lb. of flour, add a teaspoonful of baking powder and a little salt. Break up two eggs and mix with the flour, adding enough milk to make a dough. Roll out and cut into strips, plait three into a short roll, brush over with egg and bake for a quarter of an hour in a sharp oven.

Tomato Jelly.—Soak half a box of gelatine in one cup of cold water for an hour; put over the fire the liquor from one can of tomatoes, with a quarter of an onion sliced, a bay leaf, two cloves, a sprig of parsley. Let them cook together thirty minutes; put in the gelatine, stir until dissolved, strain the jelly, add to it a tablespoonful of Worcester sauce, salt and pepper to taste, and pour into the mould, which is wet with cold water.

Core, but do not peel the apples. Put the fruit on to cook in a very little water and boil slowly until well broken, then press it through a colander. Weigh the pulp and place it on the fire and boil until quite thick. Allow three-fourths of a pound of sugar to every pound of fruit, and the juice of three lemons to every three pounds of fruit; add these to the pulp and boil forty-five minutes longer and then test. Apple marmalade should be rather stiff.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

Break four eggs into a bowl and beat them

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enough to mix the white and the yolk thoroughly. Add then a tablespoonful of powdered sugar and a very little butter. Put a teaspoonful of butter in the omelet pan and let it thoroughly grease the bottom, and when hot turn in the mixture. Shake the pan so the eggs do not set, then brown until the raw egg is all cooked, lifting the cooked part every few seconds to allow the raw egg to run upon the hot pan. As soon as it is set add three tablespoonfuls of strawberry jam; fold over the omelet, turn into a platter and dust over with powdered sugar.—'Good Housekeeping.'

His Mother.

A short time ago the appointment of a young man for a certain political position was brought before a group of men, each of whom is nationally famous. The position was an important one, requiring tact, staying power, and character. So far as the young man himself was concerned, no objection was offered; he possessed all the necessary qualities, and was thoroughly fitted for the place; but there was a flaw in his father's record, and 'we cannot afford to take any risk in this matter,' seemed to be the general sentiment.

Just then another member of the group began to speak; he, too, had something to tell—it was the story of the young man's mother. When he finished there was no longer any question about the appointment. Every man there was willing to trust the son of such a woman. The young man received the appointment, and his work has proved that the decision was right.

'God must need a great many women for his work to put so many of us in the world,' a woman once quaintly observed. And God does need them, every one. It is for them to resolve highly, that they will never fail God —'Christian Age.'

Be cheerful. Give this lonely world a smile,
We stay at longest but a little while.
Hasten we must, or we shall lose the chance
To give the gentle word, the kindly glance.
Be sweet and tender—that is doing good;
'Tis doing what no other good deed could.
—Selected.

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LADIES' WATCH AND OPAL RING Free

Send no Money

Just your name and address, and we will mail you postpaid ten of our beautiful Gold Sunburst Brooches, latest designs, set with large magnificent Opals, Rubies, Sapphires, Emeralds, etc. They are fully worth 50c. You sell them for only 15c each. Return the money, and for your trouble we will give you this **beautiful little Lady's Watch** with fancy gold hands, on which a large rose with buds and leaves is elegantly enamelled in seven colors, and if you send us your name and address at once and sell the Brooches and return the money within a week after you receive them, we will give you **free in addition to the watch** a handsome gold finished **ring** set with a **large, magnificent Fire Opal** that glistens with all the beautiful colors of the rainbow. Ladies and girls, write us to-day. Address **THE NATIONAL JEWELLERY CO., Dept. 434, Toronto.**

TOOT! TOOT! TOOT

Boys! Look Here. A real Steam Engine and Boiler **Free.** Powerful, smooth running, easy to operate. Has safety valve, whistle, steam dome, stationary cylinder, piston cross head connecting rod, and crank shaft with fly wheel attached. A perfect engine, given for selling at 15c each only 8 Oriental Arabian Perfumed Lockets, each consisting of a beautiful Gold filigree heart shaped locket enclosing a medallion of Oriental Perfume, highly odorized from millions of roses, the most fragrant and durable Perfume in the world. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Lockets postpaid. A Certificate worth 50c given free with each Locket. **HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 462, Toronto.**

DON'T SEND US ANY MONEY This RING and WATCH is FREE

Send to us for 10 pieces of our 25c. Sheet Music to sell at only 10c. each. It is full size (11 x 14 inches), finely printed on heavy white paper, with beautifully colored illustrated covers and includes such popular titles as "Old School Chums," "Sing Again That Sweet Refrain," "The Prayer I Learned on Mother's Knee," "My Old Kentucky Home," etc. When sold, return the money and we will promptly send you a beautiful 14k. heavy gold finished Ring set in the famous Tiffany style setting with three large magnificent pink Pearls and sparkling Imitation Diamonds. It is a perfect beauty and can hardly be told from a costly ring even by experts. Write for the music to-day and we will give you an opportunity to get a handsome gold finished hunting-case Watch, elegantly engraved, lady's or gent's size, that looks exactly like a $50.00 solid gold Watch. Address **The Royal Academy Publishing Co.**, Dept 437 **Toronto**

Don't Send Us One Cent This WATCH and RING is Free

We Trust You

Ladies and Girls

Send to us for 2 dozen pieces of our 25c. Sheet Music to sell at only 10c. each. It is full size (11 x 14 inches), finely printed on heavy white paper, with beautifully colored illustrated covers, and includes such popular titles as "Which Way Did the Angels Go?" "I'm Wearing My Heart for You," "The Organist's Last Amen," "Star of the East," etc., etc. It sells like hot cakes. When sold return the money and we will promptly send you this beautiful little Watch with Solid Silver Nickel case highly polished, the back elegantly enamelled in colors, fancy porcelain dial, daisy figures, Gold hands, and a reliable imported movement, also a beautiful Gold-finished Ring set with large Pearls and sparkling imitation Diamonds if you write for the music to-day. Address **THE ROYAL ACADEMY PUBLISHING CO., DEPT. 498 TORONTO**

Cinderella

TWIN DOLLS FREE

This lovely pair of **twin sister dolls, Cinderella** and **Alice in Wonderland,** are the new arrivals from far away dollland, and are real beauties, nearly **one and one-half feet tall.**

Cinderella is the **new wonder blonde doll,** with bisque head, curly hair, lace-trimmed dress, hat, ribbon sash, etc.

Alice in Wonderland is a handsome **brunette beauty doll,** with dark curly ringlets, bisque head, lace-trimmed dress, hat, shoes, stockings, etc., complete.

Girls, would you like to own Cinderella and Alice in Wonderland, the pretty twin sister dolls, for a little pleasant work after school hours? If so, write us at once and we will mail to your address, postage paid, **sixteen turnover collars,** handsomely made of fine quality lawn and lace, to sell at **15c each.** They are the latest fashion in neckwear and sell at sight. When sold return us the money and we will promptly forward you this handsome pair of twin sister dolls, also a beautiful Opal Ring as an extra present if you write to us at once.

Remember, you will receive the **two dolls,** Cinderella and Alice in Wonderland, for disposing of **only sixteen** collars at 15c each. The Home Art Co., Dept 488 Toronto.

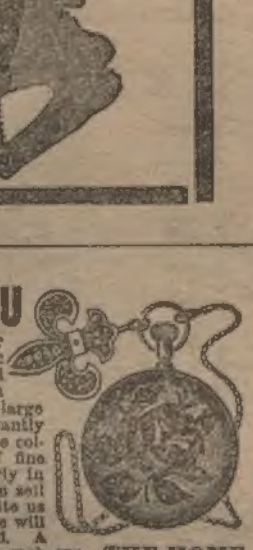
Alice in Wonderland

The Latest Style

Handsome Fur Scarfs FREE to Ladies and Girls

We will give any girl or lady an elegant full length Fur Scarf, made in the latest style for 1905 by skilled workmen from specially selected skins of fine Black Coney Fur, rich, fluffy, very warm and comfortable with six long full furred tails, and ornamented with a handsome silvered neck chain, for selling only 14 of our handsome Turnover Collars at 15c. each. (A certificate worth 50c. is given free with each one.) These collars represent the latest fashion in neckwear. They are handsomely made of the finest quality lawn and lace, and are fully worth 25c. You can sell them all in a few minutes at only 15c. each. We trust you. Send us your name and address and we will mail the collars postpaid. When sold, return the money, and we will send you a handsome Ladies' or Girls' Fur Scarf just as described. When you see it we know you will say it is one of the handsomest furs you have ever seen. The only reason we can give such an expensive fur is that we had a large number made up specially for us at a reduced price in the summer, when the furriers were not busy. This is a grand chance to get a beautiful warm fur for the winter without spending one cent. Write at once and we will give you an opportunity to get an elegant Muff FREE, as an extra present. Address, **THE HOME ART CO., DEPT. 489 TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

WE TRUST YOU



With sixteen beautiful Turnover Collars to sell for us at only 15c each. For your trouble we will give you a beautiful little watch with gold hands on which a large rose with buds and leaves is elegantly enamelled in seven colors. The collars are handsomely made of fine lace and lawn and sell regularly in stores for 25c. At 15c you can sell them all in a few minutes. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the collars postpaid. A Certificate worth 50c, free with each one. **THE HOME ART COMPANY, Dept. 479, Toronto, Ont.**

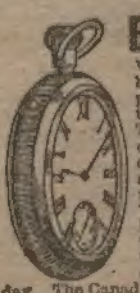
FOOTBALL FREE

Boys, send to us for 20 pieces of our popular 25c. Sheet Music, to sell for only 10c., or 20 of our one-piece King Collar Buttons, that wear like Solid Gold, to sell at only 10c. each. Return us the $2.00 received, and we will send you at once a Regulation-size Rugby Football, consisting of a tested bladder, made of the best rubber, and a strongly sewed leather cover. It is warranted to stand rough work. We trust you. Be sure to say whether you wish to sell Music or Collar Buttons. Address The Canadian Premium Syndicate, Dept. 468, Toronto

VALUABLE RING AND GOLD WATCH FREE

All we ask you to do is to sell 7 of our Turnover Collars made of beautiful Lace and fine Lawn, worth 25c., at 15c each. They are the latest fashion in neckwear and sell like hot cakes. When sold return the money and we will promptly send you this beautiful Ring finished in 14k. Gold and set with large magnificent Pearls and sparkling Imitation Diamonds that can hardly be told from the real stones. If you write at once for the Collars we will give you an opportunity to get, an elegant Gold-finished double Hunting Case Watch, Lady's or Gentleman's size free in addition to the Ring. Address at once The Home Art Co., Dept. 491 Toronto

BOY'S WATCH FREE



We will give this handsome watch free to any boy for selling only 1½ dozen of our new one-piece King Collar Buttons at 10c. each. A certificate worth 50c. given free with each one. The watch has a beautiful solid silver nickel case, handsomely polished, a hard enamelled dial, heavy bevelled crystal, hour, minute and second hands, and reliable American movement. With care it will last ten years. The Collar Buttons are the best made, heavily gold plated and burnished so that they wear like solid gold. They sell so fast that the factory are now making one million every day. Write for the Collar Buttons to-day. The Canadian Premium Syndicate Dept. 455, Toronto.

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